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APRIL, 1923

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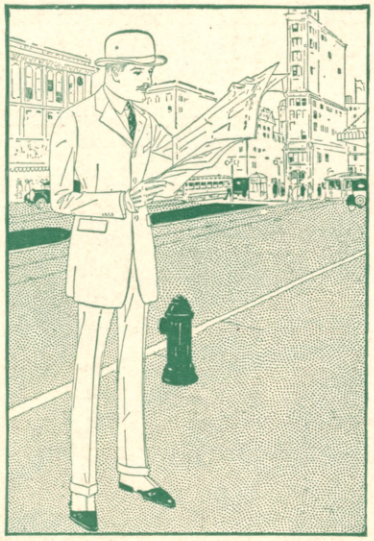

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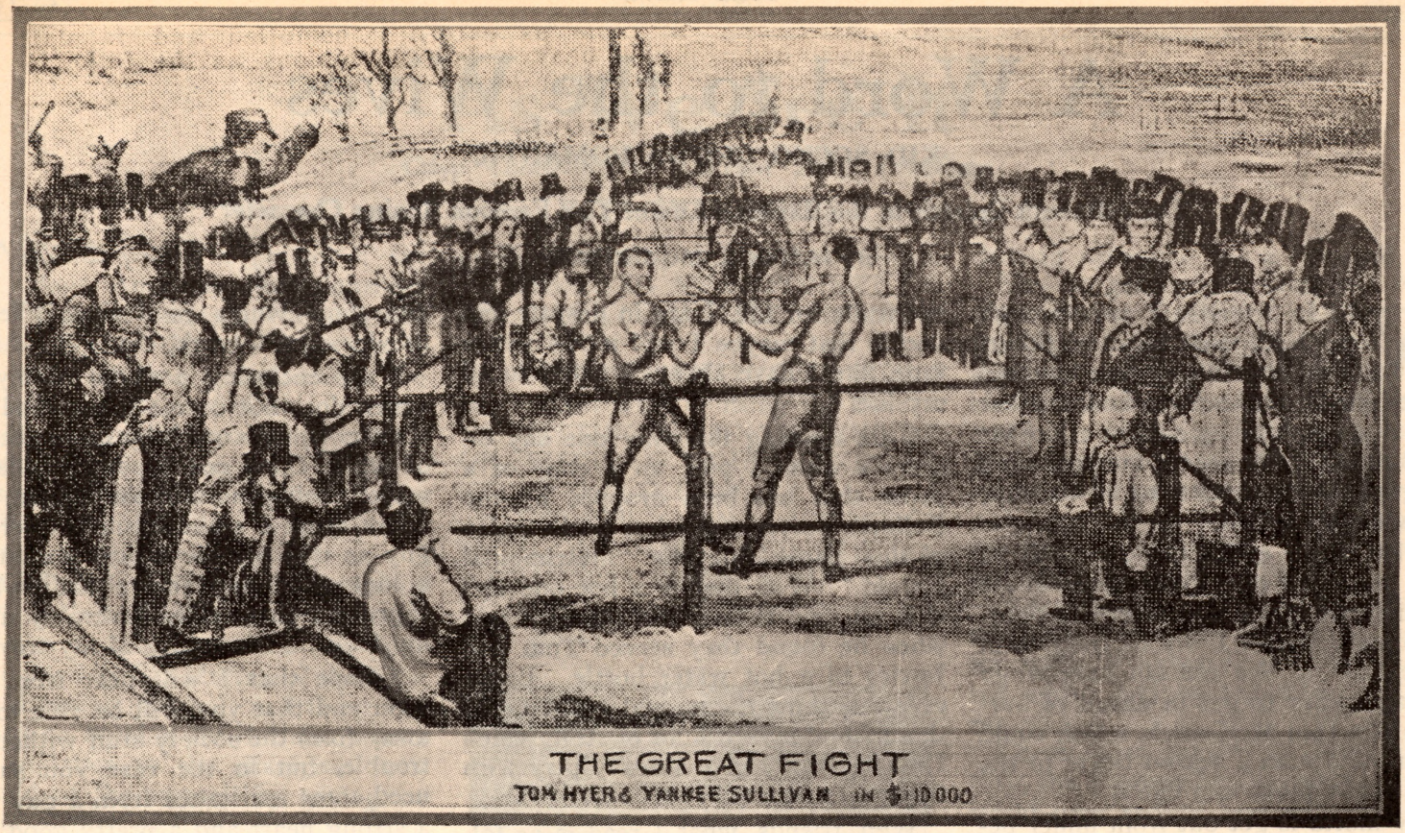

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A Word to the Wives

KID SOCKO GROWS ROMANTIC

The Fifteenth Episode in the Exciting Life of This Famous Boxing Character

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

WELL, friends, I am through with all these business things and after I pay five hundred and twenty good bucks to find out that they is no pork being sold in a Kosher butcher shop this year I am beginning to figure that Barnum must have meant me when he said it.

What I am going to do now is to grab myself a neat little farm where I can settle down, and after my fighters' days are over I will be there with some place to live and not have to go around trying to get in ahead of burglars like Dan McKetrick, which could sell a blind man a season ticket to the movies and make him like it.

My motto is get out from under before you are buried in the wreck, and I am all set to buy myself the said farm if only I can find one which I like the style of.

Well, friends, of course my Young Marvelle is going around dropping them with the regularity of clockwork and he is getting himself a sweet set of jack, which I am not missing none myself, even if a sap at heart and a grand fall-guy.

When we are out there journeying through the sticks and the stick-ups, every once in a while I take a look at some farm or other, but most of them don't make no hit with me, on account of they being so lonesome in the day time that they make the Sahara Desert look like Times Square for population, and at nights the only signs of life around the joints is maybe a cow which has the colic or a dog calling to his lady-love.

Well, friends, that last gives me an idea, and I figure that the only way to endure the country is to get someone which I can endure it with. In other words, what I mean is that they is no use trying to live a single life in the country, and unlest a guy is married, and brings his wife with him to the farm, they ain't no use at all thinking that you can get by there in a place which is so lonesome it would give a prairie owl the horrors.

My motto is, two can live as easy as one, especially on a farm which runs so far that Edward Payson Weston would get a stitch in the side walking around it.

Well, friends, on account of me having had such a disappointing experience with Daisy Dainty and being off the frails for life, I am in despair and decide that maybe I will never own a farm like I have always wanted to all my life.

I am figuring this way one day on a train when I pick up a copy of a paper that has been dropped by the Pullman porter and what is the name of this paper but the "Matrimonial Herald." Well that is a hot one and it is all new to me, like the guy said when he found they served Tom and Jerries in a hot water bottle. But I give this thing the up and down. And there I find myself a lot of stuff, which I must admit I give a heavy play with the optics.

Well, friends, what I read is as follows:

Lonely Widow—Craves companionship and comfort. Wishes to correspond with congenial man. Object matrimony. No triflers need apply. Worth $50,000. Address Box 116, The Matrimonial Herald.

This read pretty good and further on I find a better one as follows:

Beautiful Blonde—Tired of adulation of society, extremely wealthy, refined and beautiful blonde, member of prominent family, wishes to meet gent who will consider matrimony and will take her to the solitude of a farm. Send photo in first letter. Box 936, etc.

Well, friends, this is a kayo for me. Here I am anxious to buy myself a farm and only I am lonely keeps me from doing same, when along comes this beautiful blonde who is tired of the saps in society that bores her with a lot of soft words and she is willing to throw in her lot with a rough and ready guy that will treat her right and take her to a farm.

Well, friends, if this is not fate then I am not in the fight game.

So I sit down and write a latter to this society broad and this is what I say, as follows:

My dear blonde:

Having see your ad, wish to state that I am a ardent admirer of yours and always have been from seeing your pictures in the cols. of the society papers and know you will appreciate same.

I am glad to hear that you are tired of the false life of society and that you crave solitude and maybe a guy which will do all he can to make you happy and show you a good time, like the movies once a week, etc.

I am enclosing a photo of myself, which does not do me justice and you must not judge much by it. on account of while I am not exactly handsome myself, being more of the rugged, outdoors type, I am not such a terrible guy as this picture makes me out by a long shot, and several ladies have expressed themselves favorably about my looks in the course of my travels.

I hope that I will hear from you soon and that you will be able to get away from the society stuff without no trouble, but in the case you should need some assistance from a guy with a strong heart and a pretty good wallop, Your admirer,

KID SOCKO.

Well, friends, a few days passes and then I get a letter from this broad which makes me sit up and take notice, but it only shows that I must have some fascination for the ladies on account of they even fall for me when I am only writing them a letter and maybe I am only kidding for all they know.

My motto is you can always find one if you look long enough, and this is what the letter says, as follows:

My darling admirer:

If you only knew how I crave for the companionship of a big, strong, self-reliant man like you, you would realize how thrilled I was to receive your wonderful letter. It was so well written that I just know you must be a Yale or a Harvard man, but even if you are not I do not care as I feel that you are one of Nature's noblemen.

Now, what I want to tell you is that I loved your photograph and it just fits in with my dreams of what my soul mate would be like when I met him.

So I am ready to forsake everything for you, but I must confess that there is an embarrassing reason why I cannot come at once. My family is furious with me and since I will not come into my fortune for another two years—my grandmother left me two or three millions, I think—I have no money at present.

I hesitate to ask you, but since you are going to be my husband I suppose I must swallow my pride and say that

(*Continued on page* 23)

As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER

TWICE within a period of six days, American championships changed hands in the arena of Madison Square Garden, and twice a howl went up that almost raised the roof from off the top of this historic sporting centre. The reason? Keen disappointment on the part of thousands of persons who on each occasion felt that the title holder was unjustly deprived of his crown.

THE RING, unlike the Chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission, who on both occasions was publicly quoted by Sid Mercer, of the New York Evening Journal, as having expressed an opinion the decision was a rank injustice to the champion, will not add to the turmoil by giving an official opinion on the winner of each bout.

Regardless of the merits of the decisions, however, THE RING feels duty bound to offer a suggestion for the elimination of verdicts which are doing such tremendous damage to a sport otherwise healthy, for there is no telling what such decisions may lead to.

In the case of Genaro, one of the judges, Barnes by name, made a statement after the battle that he was through. He had awarded the bout to Villa, while Judge McPartland and Referee Andy Griffin decided on Genaro.

In the case of Greb, a similar turmoil such as was in evidence at the Genaro-Villa fight, took place when the winner was announced.

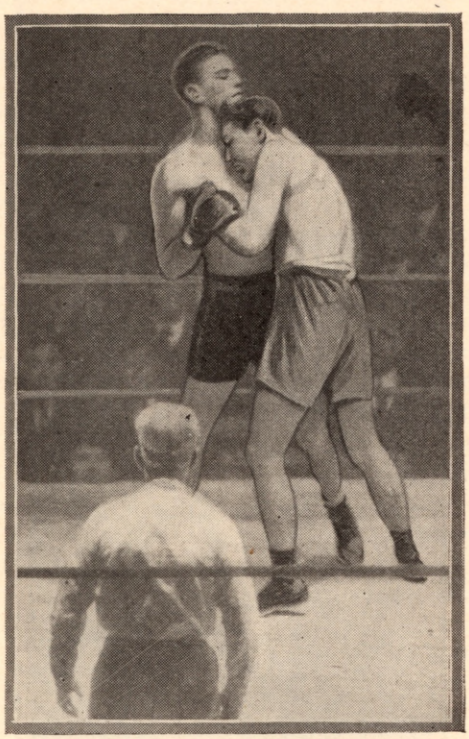
"I was jobbed!" yelled Harry Greb. "He fouled me throughout!" cried Gene Tunney.

Just one more illustration that the system in vogue in the judging of bouts in New York City is all wrong. William Muldoon, chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission, issued a statement after the Tunney-Greb battle that the decision was unfair to Greb. The referee and judges were appointed by Muldoon and, right or wrong, we think he should have stood by them.

The question arises as to what constitutes a foul, according to the rules. Holding and hitting is a direct violation of the Walker law, viz:

Sec. IV—FOULS.

1. Hitting below the belt.
2. Hitting an opponent who is down or who is getting up after being down.
3. HOLDING AN OPPONENT OR DELIBERATELY MAINTAINING A CLINCH.
4. BUTTING WITH THE HEAD OR SHOULDER or using the knee.
5. HITTING WITH THE INSIDE OR BUTT OF THE HAND OR USING THE ELBOW.
6. HOLDING AN OPPONENT WITH ONE HAND AND HITTING WITH THE OTHER HAND.
7. Hitting or "flicking" with the open glove.



Harry Greb and Gene Tunney in clinch. Tunney is holding Harry's wrist while Greb has a vise-like grip on Tunney's body

8. WRESTLING OR ROUGHING ON THE ROPES.
13. THE FAILURE TO OBEY THE REFEREE OR ANY PHYSICAL ACTION WHICH MAY INJURE A BOXER EXCEPT BY FAIR SPORTSMANLIKE BOXING.

Harry Greb in his battle with Tunney and every other in which he has taken part used the above tactics, as shown in Rule 6.

Patsy Haley warned the Pittsburgher at least a dozen times in each round, and like the good referee that he is, did not want to spoil a night's sport for the fans who had paid their good money, so he simply penalized the offender for his unfair tactics and at the end of the bout awarded the decision where he felt it belonged.

Now to get back to Chairman Muldoon, who by his statement has greatly embarrassed the rest of the commission, whose members privately are credited with endorsing Referee Haley and Judge Meeghan. It must be taken into consideration that Mr. Muldoon's opinion was his personal one. It seems only fair that as Haley and Meeghan are his appointees, they should not be criticized by their superior.

Haley, in the opinion of experts, is the most competent referee in America, while Meeghan is a former sporting editor and boxing critic of long experience.

There is at present in New York City, the greatest boxing centre in the world, one radical and unpardonable flaw in the boxing game, a fault exclusively its own and not existent in any other form of athletics. This is the difficulty of arriving at a just verdict as to the merits of the contestants in bouts that do not end in a knockout.

At no affairs in recent years has this unfortunate phase of the sport come to the attention of the sports loving public, nor has it ever been better illustrated than in the unfortunate ending of the Tunney-Greb fight and the Villa-Genaro battle.

In both battles a hue and cry followed the crowning of Tunney as the American light heavyweight title holder and the rise of Genaro to the American flyweight championship.

In either case there is no doubt that the public would have left the famous Garden arena cheering madly a verdict of a draw, which would have protected the crown wearers.

If the boxing game is to survive in New York State a quick change in the personnel of the judges assigned to officiate at important bouts must be made.

Better still, let the State Boxing Commission change its rules to place the entire matter of judging in the hands of a referee and eliminate the judges. But, in our opinion, there are too many inefficient judges assigned to important contests, men who lack the ability to judge properly the points that bring victory to one and defeat to the other. Hence the suggestion that the judges be eliminated.

The referee's standing depends upon

(*Continued on page 6*)

When Lewis Met Lewis

Willie, famous handler of fighters, says what happened to Germans at The Marne is nothing compared to beating administered to him in France by Harry

By JAMES C. ISAMINGER
Sports Editor, Philadelphia North American

NO more picturesque figure in pugilism is living than Willie Lewis, former middleweight, who is credited with developing boxing in France.

Lewis is 38 years old, but shows little of the earmarks of a battler, considering the many thrilling contests he engaged in both in America and in Europe. He started boxing when he was 18 years old, in 1900, and in his long career he has been a favorite both here and abroad.

It was Willie who introduced the craze for boxing in France and many experts credit him with being the American pioneer in the land of the Tricolor. Virtually every boxer of note has copied the style introduced by Willie, not even Georges Carpentier being an exception. Willie is a very modest fellow who refuses to take the credit due him despite the fact that he virtually taught Europe how to fight.

Willie has probably fought as many battles as any person in ring history. He met them all, everybody in his class and many above his weight. He met the Willie Fitzgeralds, the Joe Tipmans, the Sam Langfords, the Jimmy Gardners, the Charley Hittes, the Sailor Burkes, the Billy Papkes, the Honey Mellodys, the Stanley Ketchels, the Frank Klauses, the George Gunthers, the Harry Lewises and in fact his record is a history of the twentieth century of ring-battling.

A Real Authority

There is no scrapper in his class who had Lewis' long experience and anything he says about boxing bears the mark of authority.

In a recent gathering in Philadelphia, Signor Roberto Gunnis, one of our very best promoters, who knows the part Willie has taken in pugilism, said:

"Willie, you have probably fought as often as anybody in the world. Your career has stretched more than a decade. You have met the best fellows in the world. Now tell us, who was the toughest fellow you ever fought?"

Willie lost no time answering the question. "That's easy," he said. "The toughest fellow I ever fought is a Philadelphian and lives here today. I refer to Harry Lewis. I fought him several times, but the champ of them all was the battle in Paris on April 23, 1910.

"Without any boasting, I might say that at the time I was the boxing hero of France. I had been there more than a year and had scores of French youths watching me in the gym and trying to copy the American style of boxing. Among them was Carpentier.

"Harry Lewis arrived in France and immediately challenged me. We signed articles and the French sports papers photographed me every day at my training quarters. I was a big favorite on the night of the fight. Everybody in Paris bet on me to whip the other American Lewis. I knew I had a tough fight on hand and trained my best, when I wasn't visiting cafes.

"To tell the blunt truth, I did more training in the Montmarte than I did in the gym. I was hailed as a hero everywhere I went.

WILLIE LEWIS

Harry in Top Form

"Then came the night of the scrap. Harry Lewis, your brother Philadelphian, did not visit any cafes. He was on razor edge, never better in his life.

"Well, you know what happened to the Germans at the Marne. That's what I got. Harry knocked me down no fewer than fourteen times in the first four rounds. Not flattering myself, I must say that I showed some bulldog courage. I arose every time and fought the best I could, but I was licked to a frazzle.

"I stayed the twenty-five rounds and expected that Harry would get the decision. Imagine my surprise when the referee called it a draw. I suppose he saved Parisians a million francs or more. I admit that I looked sheepishly at Harry when the verdict was announced.

"Harry was a good sport and came over to me and said: 'Well, I whipped you, Willie, and should have received the verdict, but you are a good scout and if it saves your reputation in this country, where you are the idol, I'm glad of it, because a draw won't hurt me.'

"I think that was a magnificent thing for Harry to have said. Well, I kept on fighting and in 1912 lost a twenty-round decision to Carpentier, the kid who used to hang around my training quarters to copy my style."

To me the biggest thing in Willie's remarks was to admit that Harry Lewis really had beaten him in a decision that was called a draw. No fighter on this planet ever made an admission like that before.

Willie Lewis is through fighting, but today he is regarded as the best handler of a scrapper in America. He is the Spider Kelly of 1922.

Speed

Whatsoever be the game,
Here's the quality that counts,
Here's the essence of the flame,
Where the winning tally mounts—
Speed of arm or speed of eye,
Speed of foot or speed of hand,
Speed that lets the right hook fly
Where the winning sock should land.

Speed of brain is more than all;
Do your thinking when it's due.
When the club head meets the ball
Speed it up—and follow through.
Those who fail and those who shine
Face the problem fate imposed—
There's a thin gap in the line,
Just a breath—and it is closed.

—GRANTLAND RICE.
N. Y. Tribune.

The Breaks

Courageous in the battle's din
You may make few mistakes
And still discover that to win
You have to get the breaks.

—WALTER TRUMBULL,
New York Herald.

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Great Little Men of the Ring and the Diamond

By FREDERICK G. LIEB, President
Baseball Writers' Association

IN the eyes of the man without any real knowledge of sport, the professional ball player and the boxer, whose fists are his livelihood, are big men. When such a man hears pugilism discussed, his mind conjures a picture of Jack Dempsey, Jim Jeffries or John L. Sullivan. When his thoughts infrequently run to baseball, his mind dwells on such well known characters of the diamond as Babe Ruth, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson and Tris Speaker. Such persons know their sport only from newspaper headlines, and their acquaintance with the headliners of professional sports necessarily is limited.

Persons, who are fans of baseball and boxing, would marvel at the ignorance of these sports frequently encountered by sporting writers. With all the millions of words printed yearly on these sports, it is past understanding how little some educated persons know about them.

What must an Englishman think, when I say that a crack reporter on a large metropolitan paper asked me who Charley Comiskey is? After Comiskey and McGraw toured the world with the Giants and White Sox in the winter of 1913-1914, they were given a big dinner in one of the leading New York hotels. As the writer attended the dinner, a reporter on the city staff of his paper was assigned to cover the dinner. He knew all about police courts, but was lost at a sporting function. He sent for me, and confessed he couldn't fathom what it was all about.

"I know McGraw, but who is this Comiskey, who seems to be sharing all the honors?" he asked.

During the litigation involving the Carl Mays case, it was interesting to note how well some of the high-brows were up on baseball. A young lawyer, who was defending Ban Johnson's case in New York, continually referred to the wrong Mays supposedly had done by running out on the Boston "White Sox," and made other baseball blunders, which were excruciating. Another time, one of the learned jurists asked:

"What is meant by that term, Boston Red Sox, which constantly is coming up in the testimony?"

And they call baseball America's national game!

But we started to speak on how many fairly smart folks have an idea that all ball players and boxers are strapping, big fellows.

I once pointed out Midget Smith, the bantam, to a woman and remarked that he was a fast coming pugilist. She looked at me, as though I were trying to poke fun at her.

"I suppose you expect me to swallow that one," she said. "What chance would a little fellow like that have with Dempsey?"

She thought all pugilists, or "prize-fighters," as she called them, fought in the same class. Yet how many male citizens of this country could answer the question: "What is a fly-weight?"

In coming down to San Antonio, Heinie Groh, Frankie Frisch and Waddy MacPhee, a former Princeton baseball captain, were sitting in the smoking compartment of the train. In going through Texas, a tanned, weather-beaten Texan, six feet four inches, passed through the car, and looked in. He had heard that the Giants were on board the train, and wanted to know where they were. Groh, Frisch and MacPhee, all little fellows, were pointed out to him. He couldn't understand.

"Them runts is funny Giants," he said. "If I was a pitcher, I'd knock their sticks right out of their hands."

He shared that common belief that all players had to be big, husky fellows.

It takes the devotees of baseball and boxing to appreciate the great little men of the ring and the diamond. Were there ever any greater fighters than George Dixon, the colored marvel, or Terry McGovern, the terrible one from Brooklyn? You can name the ball players on one hand, who were greater than Willie Keeler, the great little man from Brooklyn. Keeler had no massive shoulders like Dan Brouthers, Ed Delehanty, Nap Lajoie, Jesse Burkett and Cap Anson, famous sluggers of his time. Willie had to hit the ball "where they ain't" in his own picturesque language, and did it so well that he hung up the second highest batting average in the forty-eight year history of the National League and made records, which still stand today. He was no wild swinger, but a jabber. He jabbed his stinging line hits through the infield, stood rival infields on their head with his bunts and dumped little flies right over the heads of infielders.

No less an expert than John McGraw pronounced him one of the immortal figures of baseball, when "Wee Willie" passed into the Great Beyond early in the present year.

"He was the greatest scientific hitter of this era or any other," said McGraw. "No all-star team of all time is complete without Keeler in right field."

Keeler was not alone among the great, little men of the diamond. Next to Wagner and Fred Clarke, the greatest player on the famous Pirate team of twenty years ago was "Wee Tommy" Leach, as great a lead-off man as ever stepped to the plate. Tommy played ball in the Florida State League as late as 1921, and led that Dixie circuit at bat.

Johnny Evers was little more than a flyweight, when he graduated into the major leagues. He weighed 110 pounds when the Cubs bought him from Troy, and the other Chicago players considered it an insult to have this slender kid on the club. They wouldn't let Johnny ride in the bus with the other players, and made him get on the roof. Before he played his first game in the National League,

(*Continued on page 9*)

JOHN T. DOYLE

9 English Billiard Tables

9 American Billiard Tables

9 Pocket Billiard Tables

1456 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

Great Little Men Who Gained Fame on Diamond and in Ring

1—*Terry McGovern*
2—*Bat Nelson*
3—*Josh Devore*
4—*Miller Huggins*
5—*Tommy Leach*
6—*Joe Walcott*
7—*John McGraw*
8—*Dickie Kerr*
9—*George Dixon*
10—*Young Griffo*
11—*Johnny Evers*
12—*Ad Wolgast*
13—*Abe Attell*
14—*Kid Lavigne*
15—*Kid Williams*

Great Men in Ring and Diamond

(*Continued from page 7*)

some of the older players drew up a resolution which they presented to former manager Frank Selee, saying that the players would not take any responsibility for anything which might happen to Evers in the game. They thought Johnny would get killed, if he tried to get in front of a hard hit ball. Yet Evers became one of the foremost infielders of baseball, with a baseball brain second only to that of John McGraw. He twice was manager of the team, which made him ride on the roof of the bus back in 1902.

When McGraw last was seen on the coaching lines, he filled out his uniform pretty well, and had graduated into the heavyweights. But as a player McGraw was little more than a bantam, and like Evers, he constantly had to fight against the handicap of size and weight when he first tried to win his spurs in the minors. In his early minor league career, McGraw only weighed around 115 pounds, and only weighed ten pounds more when he started with the Baltimore club in 1891. When McGraw played with the champion Baltimore Orioles of 1894 he had advanced into the lightweight class, and weighed 135 pounds.

"The proudest moment of my life was when I stepped on the scales, and the arrow rested at 140 pounds," McGraw recently told the writer.

Miller Huggins, manager of the Yankees, was another great little ball player.

There have been many famous pint-sized ball players. Connie Mack never has had a lead-off man to equal "Topsy" Hartsel, his tow-headed midget, who played left field and led off for the Athletic Champions of 1902 and 1905. Josh Devore, a merry, little chap, was one of the best lead-off men that McGraw ever had on the Giants. Going back fifteen years, there was Roy Thomas, a hitter of the Keeler type, who could find holes in any infield. They took Heinie Groh for the bat-boy, when he first joined the Giants in 1912. The Athletic fans thought Eddie Collins was Jimmy Collins' son, just working out for exercise.

The little men of the ring have furnished boxing with some of the greatest characters of that sport. There are far more greater, little men than great, big men. As a rule, the little chaps are better boxers. They move around quickly; their blows come like a flash, and as a rule they give the crowd a better run for its money than the lumbering heavies.

Starting with the real midgets, boxing today has three of the foremost flyweights of all time in Jimmy Wilde, the clever Britisher; Frankie Genaro, the new American champion, and Pancho Villa, the Filipino marvel. Wilde is considered by many as the greatest man his class ever has developed. It is doubtful if he could successfully defeat either Genaro or Villa today, for Jimmy is getting along in years. He was a fistic marvel before the outbreak of the World War, and did his bit in the British trenches.

We already have mentioned George Dixon and Terry McGovern. Both of these famous little men started as bantams and graduated into featherweights. They never drew any color line on George Dixon, and for years he was one of the sport's most attractive cards. He fought for twenty years, and he was well past his prime when he was forced to surrender his title to the hard punching McGovern of Brooklyn.

When any one got into a ring with Terry McGovern, they were sure of action. So was the crowd. No two fighters ever provided more action than Terrible Terry and Casper Leon. They met three times, and Mid-Western fans still talk of their first fight at Lamont, Ill., in 1894. After taking terrible punishment, Casper was put to sleep in the twenty-eighth round. They mixed it up again in Chicago the following year, and had fought fourteen stirring rounds, when the Chicago police won the bout and sent home the customers. Later they fought another draw in New York.

The white-haired referee, Patsy Haley, was a bantam of no mean ability, and stood off McGovern for eighteen rounds in 1899 before Terry won the day. Haley was a wonderful boxer, and a great ring general. Harry Forbes, Georgie Monroe and Eddie Santree were other bantamweights who made Terry exert himself. Santree's boxing career did not hurt his standing in his community, as he was elected for three terms to the Ohio Legislature. More recently we have had such fine bantams as Johnny Coulon and "Kid" Williams of Baltimore. The latter is a Dane by birth, having been born in Copenhagen. His right name is John Gutenko.

The featherweight division has seen many famous gladiators. When McGovern defeated Dixon, he won both the bantamweight and featherweight championships from the negro. McGovern then lost the featherweight to Young Corbett. Then Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan and Abe Attell had their series of bouts for the championship. Attell licked Tommy in February, 1904, only to have Tommy knock out Abie the following October. Four years later, Attell regained the title by knocking out Murphy, and retained it until he lost to Kilbane in 1912. Johnny intends to pass it along to his grandchildren.

There are many things in Attell's life which we can't approve, but no one can deny that he was one of the cleverest men who ever put his fist into a glove. There never was a prettier exhibition of boxing than the contest between Attell and Jem Driscoll in New York ten years ago. Jem actually outboxed the great Attell, and won the decision.

One often hears of some of the long distance fights of the big men of the ring, but was there ever a more gruelling struggle than the eighty round draw between the two featherweights, Ike Weir, originally of Belfast, and Frank Murphy, champion of England, at Kouts, Indiana, on March 31, 1889? That was a fight mates!

Yes sir, in looking over the heroes of baseball and boxing, the little men have held their own with the men fitted by nature to be great athletes.

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Wrestler vs. Fighter

By FRANK F. O'NEILL
Sporting Staff, New York Evening Sun

IN a recent issue of THE RING, an article appeared by A. D. Phillips in which seven instances were cited where a boxer defeated a wrestler in a mixed bout. In the article, however, there was nothing to show how a wrestler, all things being equal, could utilize one of two dozen or more holds to less than half a dozen a boxer might use, and through these holds the wrestler could have a tremendous advantage over the boxer.

In an effort to establish the superiority of boxing over wrestling as a means of self-defense, the enthusiastic disciples of the manly art have overlooked several vital facts which are fundamental. The writer believes that wrestling is infinitely superior to boxing as a means of defense, and believes that if Jack Dempsey were ever to meet Strangler Lewis, John Pesek, or a man of that type, that the Queensbury champion would be tumbled in the dust.

This perhaps is flying in the face of public opinion and making an open bid for criticism and derision. Doubtless certain cases of where fighters have beaten some wrestlers in boxing matches may be cited. There was the knockout of Ernest Roeber by Fitz simmons, the discomforture of Frank Gotch and still other cases mentioned in the previous issue of THE RING. But Roeber was boxing the Cornish marvel of the fighting arena, and Gotch was boxing his man. It has been cited that Sharkey defeated Tom Jenkins, and therefore the army of boxers is given preference over the army of grapplers.

But writers broadcasting propaganda favoring boxing forget that in the annals of the arena, or the unwritten annals of the arena, many wrestlers have conquered boxers. In a private test held in Los Angeles not long ago the wrestler defeated the boxers in quick time. Taro Miyake, the famous exponent of jiu jitsu, has beaten fighters in private encounters, and beaten them so quickly that the fighter hardly had time to put up his hands.

The popular conception of the wrestler is that he is a big, over-fed, slow-moving and slow-thinking animal, devoid of the normal reflexes. As a matter of fact, the wrestler is called upon in the inside moves of his game to be as agile and as precise as his brother of the gloves. And called upon to defend himself against the fighter, probably would have a few surprise moves for the glove man.

This writer makes this statement without reservation: In a free-for-all fight, no holds barred, no punch above the belt prohibited, fight all the time, whether standing or on the floor, the fighter has no more chance with the wrestler than the celluloid dog has in the nether regions.

The wrestler, combining the holds of the Graeco-Roman style, with the tricks of the jiu jitsu and catch-as-catch-can, with the toe hold and strangle, would probably make the fighter tap the mat in a few minutes. Take one hundred fighters and one hundred wrestlers of a class and the majority in favor of the grappler would be great. In fact, almost overwhelming.

Suppose that such a match has been arranged and the men are in the ring. The gong sounds. The fighter walks out with his hands in conventional fighting position, his stance that of the fighter. The wrestler advances, elbow crooked over his chin and the other arm folded across the solar plexus. The fighter feints endeavoring to open the shell of the man before him. But the wrestler, with a quick move, slides in on the floor, hooking the left ankle of the fighter with the wrestler's foot, and with a sharp kick below the knee cap, brings the glove man down to the floor.

That is a much practiced jiu jitsu trick, and terrifically effective. The fighter, sprawling on the mat, is open to attack from the rear. Once on the floor, he is in the wrestler's domain. The grappler then may take a toe hold, or work into a combination head scissors and bar arm lock (borrowed from the Japanese). The plain body scissors and arm lock would suffice to put the quietus on the fighter.

Now, suppose for the sake of supposition, that the fighter is not able to land a knockout punch in the first wallop, and few men are finished in one punch. The wrestler, boring in, covered up, dives low and takes a crotch and arm hold, a combination easily gotten and hard to break. This hold leads to a number of combinations, all of which are severe. From this the victim may be locked in a scissors either head or body, with a reverse twist on the arms, which if pressed would result in a compound fracture of arm or shoulder.

Following along on the theory that the fighter could not knockout the grappler in a punch, let us consider the following:

The men work to close quarters, and the wrestler secures a front chancery on the fighter. Throwing his weight backward the grappler kicks the ankle of the boxer, breaking his balance, and making the task of whirling the fighter over the wrestler's head quite easy. If the force of the fall does not jar the fighter senseless, the wrestler may easily fix some damaging hold on him. A combination of hammer lock and toe hold is quite easily gotten after the whirling fall has been completed.

With the tentative left hand lead of the boxer blocked for the second, the grappler takes the left arm of the fighter under his own right arm, whirls quickly to one side, and sweeping his leg backward, again destroys the balance of the fighter, hurling the latter forward, and rendering him an easy victim for any one of a dozen holds.

Imagine for the nonce that the men are clinched. The fighter sweeps in to fight close. The wrestler lunges to a clinch, but quickly gets behind the fighter, and lifting the latter clear of the floor, he whirls him around and hurls him to the mat. Once again, numerous holds are possible, and any or all of them might be damaging.

Doctor Benjamin F. Roller, one of America's famous surgeons, is firm in his belief that the fighter would have no chance. George Gothner is another who declares that the fighter has no chance with the wrestler in a rough-house battle, and so it goes.

It would seem that the men who defend the boxers with greatest enthusiasm know little of wrestling and its value as a means of self-defense. You have to clout a man to knock him out, and a wrestler could easily avoid this quick K. O., thus making it possible for him to get one of his many means of offense into action with telling effect.

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They Almost Made It—Joe Rivers

First of a Series on Some of the Greatest Fighters Who Just Failed by Inches of Becoming Champions

By VERNON VAN NESS

THE annals of pugilism will reveal any number of great fighters who just failed at becoming champions. Probably one of the fighters of modern times who disappointed the fans more grievously than any other was that hard hitting and clever fighting man, Joe Rivers. No man ever came nearer winning a title and yet failed.

In some respects Joe's record is unique. Certainly Joe himself stands as one of the unique figures of the ring. It was Joe, if you recall, who nearly whipped Ad Wolgast for the lightweight title. Imagine putting your man down, practically out, and at almost the same instant being crushed to earth yourself. Then imagine watching your opponent lay groggy on the floor as you yourself lay crushed, and you unable to arise!

That memorable round is ancient history in boxing. It bears repeating, however. It was in the thirteenth round, out there in the arena at Vernon, Cal., Rivers, whose forte was a lashing right that cut and bruised and wore down, had battered Wolgast round after round. But the champion had fought gamely, as champions are supposed to do, and though weak and weary, kept lunging in for more, always trying with one more heart-inspiring effort to land a blow that would remove the tormentor before him.

Then came the swing of fate. Both fighters suddenly saw openings. Rivers swung with his right in a terrific effort to tear the last remaining prop from under the tough little fellow who had refused to go down under blows that would have killed an ordinary fighter.

The time between the moment a fighter sees an opening and his agile brain and his perfectly coordinated muscles respond, is but a flash, a space so short that it is almost measureless. Yet in that atom of time Wolgast also swung with his right. Many who were at the ringside at the battle declare there was the sound of but one blow. Others say two were distinctly heard. But all agree that both fighters toppled to the canvas at one and the same time. Both were "out," as the saying is, though each was still conscious.

As a matter of fact, Wolgast and Rivers both were fuddle brained, on the verge of sinking into unconsciousness. The referee counted. The crowd sat, stilled and awed.

Each upward movement of the referee's arm seemed, to the crowd, to take an interminable time to come to a stop at the top of the motion and then descend. And at each count the crowd seemed to be jolted. Could it be possible that this crowd was going to see a double knockout? Could it be possible that a champion, after knocking his man out, was going to be counted out on the floor beside his opponent?

Joe Rivers

Well, it didn't happen. Wolgast got to his feet before ten had been counted. And he won. But Rivers, too, by the time Wolgast arose, was recovered enough to get up. He made a feeble movement to do so, but, looking at Wolgast, blood spattered Wolgast, who had taken thirteen rounds of beating with never a whimper and who could get up after being knocked all but cold, Rivers decided the game was not worth the candle.

And so the chief characteristic that kept Rivers from the title was disclosed. Like Herrera, this son of Mexico lacked nothing but the stout heart.

He wasn't a stark coward. He simply could not face superior courage. He could "take it," as the ring lore has it; but, as in this case, he could not take it and then watch another also take it while the other came back for more. To Rivers' mind this brought forth the sensation that he was mastered. As a matter of cold fact, he probably was in better shape than Wolgast.

But that was not a fluke defeat for Rivers. Once later he had his chance. When Willie Ritchie was the champion Rivers fought another of those battles that made fight fans wonder why he could not be the king of the lightweights. He beat Ritchie up in terrific style for ten rounds. Ritchie believed, he said afterwards, that he was licked when he came out for the eleventh round and so he decided upon a bold course. He staggered from his corner and began talking to Rivers, calling him coward and yellow dog.

Rivers felt that strain of superiority in Ritchie becoming master of the situation. He felt himself powerless to cope with this beaten man who seemed so courageous, so bold, and in the fraction of a second when his mind wasn't functioning on Ritchie as the fighter, but was contemplating Ritchie the superior man, Ritchie laced out his right and caught Rivers on the chin and the Mexican was knocked out, while Ritchie just was able to hang onto the ropes until Referee Eddie Graney caught hold of him and raised his hand in token of victory.

After that Rivers was forced to bear the burden of being called a coward. You can find plenty of arguments pro and con, but the consensus seems to have been for years that courage was the main attribute that Rivers lacked. In fact, the only attribute.

Joe is a farmer now, down in the lush climate of California, and once and a while he essays to earn some ready cash by boxing in the four round bouts on the Coast. He is not old. He has plenty of money. He has a fine farm, he is healthy, robust, enjoying life. Wolgast is spent and broke, a wreck of his former self. But Ad was the champion once and Joe wasn't, and Joe knows why he wasn't.

Former Boxers Train Pacific Coast League Teams

By JOHN J. CONNOLLY

BASEBALL and boxing have long been hailed as America's greatest sports. They are almost as closely allied as two peas in a pod.

If any additional proof of this were required it could be found in the Pacific Coast League this season where five ex-boxers—three of whom enjoyed marked success with the mitts—are at the training helm of five of the clubs. They are Young Peter Jackson of the Salt Lake Bees, former welterweight champion; Bobby Johnson of the Seattle Indians, former bantamweight and featherweight of prominence; Jack Downey of Sacramento, a former local four-rounder and one of the first men in the country to box Jack Demsey, heavyweight champion of the world; Billy Burke of Portland, former Philadelphia lightweight, and, last, but not least, Denny Carroll, amateur boxer from the Olympic Club, who trains the Seals.

Of these Peter Jackson was the greatest. He was to the boxing game what Babe Ruth is today to baseball. Jackson's real name is Sam Tompkins. His big scrap on the Coast was with "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, whom he knocked out in 13 rounds. He also fought a 20-round draw with Joe Wolcott, who was about the niftiest mitt slinger in the welterweight class. Jackson gave Mike Donovan a trouncing in San Francisco shortly after the Wolcott scrap.

If Bobby Johnson can train Harry Wolverton's club as well as he used to wield the mittens, the Seattle club should be at least a contender. Bobby was a bantam and a featherweight mixer. He started wielding the leather in 1900, finished in 1910 and staged a sensational come-back in 1915, winning seven straight fights via the knockout route in seven weeks.

Bobby fought Monte Attell thirteen times. He also fought Frankie Neil, Eddie Hanlon, Billy Snailham and Percy Cove.

Johnson got a fifteen-round decision over Monte Attell at Fresno and received the "large" sum of $28 for his efforts.

Billy Burke, who last year trained the Seattle club and who is at the helm of the Portland outfit this year, once fought Peter Maher, staying six rounds. The scrap was held in Philadelphia. Although Maher knocked Burke down seven or eight times, he couldn't put him away. At Vallejo Burke was kayoed by Joe Willis in nineteen rounds. Another scrap at Vallejo saw Burke kissing the canvas in two rounds when Kyle Whitney put him away.

Jack Downey, former four-rounder, holds the distinction of being the first professional boxer to fight Jack Dempsey, present heavyweight champion of the world. Downey used to run a gymnasium in Salt Lake, and when Dempsey was a lad starting out he fought him a draw, later inviting him to train in his gym. Downey picked Dempsey years before as a coming champion.

Denny Carroll, Seal trainer and recognized as one of the best in the business, was formerly an amateur boxer and swimmer of note at the Olympic Club. Denny was a better swimmer than a boxer, only because he liked it better. The Seal "doc" can still put mitts into play, and isn't a bit afraid to take on any of his bold athletes, either in a rough and tumble affair or in plain fun.

Denny fought in the same division as Jimmy Britt, former lightweight champion. Britt defeated Kayoe Bevitt, who eliminated Denny from the first place honors.

Ball players and boxers have one thing in common—they must keep in condition all the year round. Unlike the track man or the football player, they can't afford to let their condition go until a short time prior to events. They must be physically fit, for on their condition rests their chances of success.

What's in a Name?

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

JAMES J. CORBETT, the actor, but once the heavyweight champion of the world, was the first great fighter of pugilism to bear that name.

After him came another champion of the name of Corbett, called Young Corbett, but christened William Rothwell. But was Willie Rothwell, former lightweight champion, the first Young Corbett?

Quick, old timers, what's the answer?

George Green is the answer.

Yes, George Green, who, these days, instructs the elite at the Olympic Club, San Francisco, in the gentle art of boxing.

When James J. Corbett, the original, was a bank clerk and an amateur boxer around the Olympic Club in Frisco, George Green was one of his admirers. When Corbett knocked out John L. Sullivan and thus rose to the pinnacle of pugilistic eminence, George Green decided upon a ring career for himself and what was more logical than to select the name of his wonderful idol?

Let it be known, too, that George Green was a grand little scrapper. He had been a pupil of Jim's and had copied his master well, so far as style was concerned. He was a tough battler who didn't mind going out of his class for a scrap.

He was generally known on the coast as Young Corbett, and the other Young Corbett, Willie Rothwell, of Denver, hadn't been heard much of out on the Pacific. But one day, that memorable day in 1904, Young Corbett, Willie Rothwell, knocked out Terrible Terry McGovern and this victory set the coast fans on their ears. They just went crazy with joy, for they thought it was their own Young Corbett who had toppled the featherweight king. Their joy, however, was short lived when the wires flashed the report that the Young Corbett who had just gained world fame was a lad whose real name was Rothwell. After that Green adopted his own name for ring use and has stuck to it ever since, whereas Willie Rothwell still is Young Corbett the country over.

American Legion Stadium in Hollywood, Citadel of the Motion Picture Industry

By GEORGE O'HARA

Famous Actor-Boxer, Who Is Starring in F. O. B.'s "Fighting Blood" Series on the Screen.

I HAVE seen most of the big boxing arenas in the world. I have watched matches in the great arena in Madison Square Garden. I have sat at the ringside in Mechanics' Pavilion in 'Frisco when I was but a boy in knee trousers. I have seen fights in the Crystal Palace in London and the exclusive National Sporting Club. But nowhere have I seen a more picturesque and interesting fight club than the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood, California.

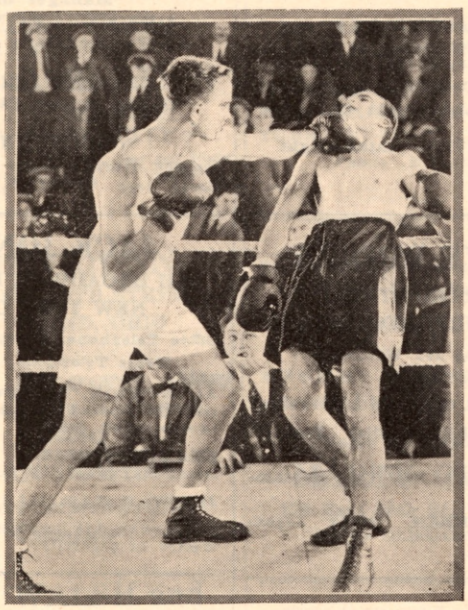
"Imagine all the great celebrities of the cinema whose combined salaries aggregate countless millions seated at the ringside. Imagine, for example, jovial Theodore Roberts, cigar uplifted in his mouth, large gray cap pulled down over his eyes the better to see the moving figures in the ring; Douglas Fairbanks, debonair and waving to his many friends in the ringside seats; Charlie Chaplin, serious of face, engrossed in the proceedings under the vivid yellow glare of the roped enclosure; Ben Turpin, the center of a jolly group of friends, rooting wildly for Phil Salvadore, the Coast lightweight king, to come home a winner.

"Imagine, too, Jack Pickford and his sister Lottie, now Mrs. Alen Forrest, gripped in the spell of the ringside drama; Mack Sennett, long famous as a maker of screen comedies; Conway Tearle, handsome and distinguished leading man of hundreds of screen and stage dramas; Kenneth Harlan, rugged young star and leading man for all of the famous beauties of the screen world; and so it goes all along the line.

"If an accountant were to start this moment and figure up the combined incomes of all these world-known figures of our little world of tinsel out here by the sands of the Pacific, it would take him days to tabulate the amount. It would run into millions, undoubtedly.

"The stadium has a capacity of 3,500 and it is packed to the gunwales on fight nights. Matches are held every Friday. The film world regards the arena as its own. They pamper and pet the fighters. They bet huge sums on the results, but, happily, no hint of suspicion has fallen upon any of the matches. The four-round game requires fast, hard fighting, and the ringsiders got a real thrill in every match.

"Another interesting feature of this colorful rendezvous of the fight fans is the presence of many women at every series of matches. Not only film stars and lesser lights of the screen world, but hundreds of Hollywood and Los Angeles women come to the fights, either with their husbands or their escorts. Women, as well as men, are 100 per cent. for boxing in Hollywood.



Against the ropes—George O'Hara (right) in one of the scenes of "Two Stones with One Bird," fourth of the famous "Fighting Blood" series

"It is here, too, that I do all of my training for the fight scenes in the 'Fighting Blood' series. I box all the local celebrities and I take them on the chin from the best of them.

"But, if any of you fight fans ever come out this way, don't forget to pay a visit to the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood. It is one of the most interesting arenas on the face of the earth."

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A Ring That Isn't Round

By William Francis Merrick

A BOXING ring is either square or parallelogram.
A golf links isn't coupled like a chain.
A tennis court is juryless, but has a witness stand,
Where numeral-love scores rack my very brain.

I do not mind the funny names,
Or whence these names were found;
But I hate to see two rounders
In a ring that isn't round.

A racing track, of ashes made, or cinders from the flame,
Doesn't boast of rails and spikes and Chestnut ties.
A hand ball court or alley has no houses to its name;
Though it flaunts its advertisements to the skies.

I love the art of "Slam and Take"
At each ringside I'll be found;
But I hate to see two rounders
In a ring that isn't round.

A baseball park is treeless and no menagerie
Tempts the kiddies, though they go there when they can.
A "gridiron" is a football field, you will agree with me
That it's cleatshod followers are a mighty clan.

I watch each match with eyes aflame,
But my anger takes a bound
When I see two ham and eggers
In a ring that isn't round.

Madison Square Garden, in the heart of N. Y. C.,
Grows naught but cauliflowers by the ear.
It's a pugilistic heaven—a boxer has to be
A master of the art to mix it there.

In fights, I spend my income,
But I wouldn't pay a pound
To see a cheese champ. milling
In a ring that isn't round.

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Jim Jeffries, a Fighter of the Awe-Inspiring Type

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

JIM JEFFRIES was one of the most awe-inspiring men in ring history when he crouched in his old familiar style and rushed at an opponent. Such men as Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Jack Monroe and Gus Ruhlin testified to that.

The late Gus Ruhlin often said after he had been whipped by Jeff that he knew the minute the saw Jeff coming across the ring at him in the opening round of their short bout that the big boiler maker was going to win, unless a happy fate intervened.

Jeff was the champion then and he was a massive person. But, above all, his face had the look of the greater fighter. His head was topped with a long black thatch of hair that lent a peculiar appearance. In some respects this hair made Jeff look boyish and then in other respects it made him appear as the cave man.

He had a way of scowling that drove the fear into many a man who faced him. This look, the pose, that crouch, with left shoulder elevated to cover the neck and chin, left hand extended in a hook, right hand drawn back against the body, ready to come winging on, with death dealing force, was enough to whip an opponent before the fight started.

And Jeff, despite his bulk, was catlike in his movements. He wasn't fast. But he wasn't slow. He could come in close, well guarded, taking terrific punches on his arms and suddenly jab with his left and shoot in his right and finish his man. He usually had his opponent pretty well scared before he landed a blow. Of course, Jeff had many a tough fight on his hands and such men as Corbett and Fitz and Sharkey and Monroe weren't afraid of him.

We won't say that Gus really was afraid of Jeff. Afterwards he admitted that he never thought he had much of a chance after he got a good look at Jeff, but it wasn't lack of courage on Ruhlin's part. It was, in fact, the knowledge borne by experience that Ruhlin had. He knew he could not punch with Jeffries. He knew his only chance would lie in being able to punish with fast, cutting blows, battering Jeff's face and forcing Jeff to defend himself instead of attacking.

And Gus started out to work that scheme, but inside of forty-five seconds he discovered that his blows did not cut Jeff, that Jim was not hurt, was not even conscious, seemingly, of Ruhlin's light blows. And right then and there Ruhlin decided he couldn't whip Jeff.

The fight took place in Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, on November 11, 1901, a little over two years after Jeff had won the title from Fitzsimmons. Two years in which Jeff had demonstrated his ability to defend his championship against the best men of the day. Ruhlin was the first man that Jeffries had given a chance to after winning the championship.

The story of that fight isn't told so much as a marker on the pugilistic highway as it is to demonstrate the manner in which Jeff inspired awe in his opponents. The bout itself is one of the better known of ring annals. It went five rounds. Ruhlin never came back for the sixth round, his seconds tossing the sponge into the ring in token of defeat.

Jeffries Starts with Rush

Jeff went after Ruhlin from the tap of the first gong. He was just a bit cautious at first. Gus came heralded as a bad man. He had shown flashes of genuine championship ability. He was backed by many wise men of the game. He was in superb form. He had trained harder for this bout than for any before in his career. He was faced with the prospects of becoming world's champion and thus the possessor of an earning capacity that meant a fortune. He had everything to win and nothing to lose.

Jeffries knew this and so when he started after his man he promised himself he would make no mistake and take chances until he had had a chance to size his man up. Jeffries didn't believe, then, in taking anybody's word for the ability of a man. He believed in going out and testing the man himself. Consequently Jeffries worked in close and led and drew a jab and a couple of taps from Ruhlin and none seemed to carry much weight.

He landed a couple of blows himself and then Ruhlin landed a couple that hardly left an impression on Jeffries. Finally Ruhlin let go with a hard blow and it landed on Jeff's cheek. But it did not hurt and Jeffries knew that his man couldn't hit hard. Nevertheless he contented himself through the remainder of the round with taking things easy and letting Ruhlin do most of the leading.

Jeff sat in his corner scowling. He worked himself into a fine rage, which was his wont. Jeff could work up a fine kettle of fish within himself in those days and when he got into such a mood he was a dangerous customer.

Jeff was naturally a great fighting man. He could take an awful blow without apparently feeling it. That killed off the hopes of many a fighter, and among them some great ones, too. Perhaps Jim Corbett to this day can tell how it feels to land the hardest punch one has and see it wasted.

At any rate out came Jeff for the second round with Gus, unprotected and in utter disregard for anything that Gus could do. Ruhlin couldn't understand this at first and then his old fear that Jeff realized he, Ruhlin, couldn't hit hard, came back to Gus. Right there Gus began clinching and to the best of his ability he clinched throughout the round. But at times Jeff impatiently broke loose, whipped terrific punches into Gus's mid-section in breaking from the clinches and finally had Gus complaining to Referee Harry Corbett that Jeff was not breaking fairly.

Jeff chased Gus all over the ring in the third and opened a nasty gash over his eye near the close of the round. Gus was very tired. He was pretty well worn out when the round ended. Jeff was tired of wasting time. He came out in the fourth round actually growling. Fans near the ringside said he nearly was frothing at the mouth.

Jeff must have talked himself into a terrible stew between rounds. He went after Gus as the savage does after his prey. He bore in and landed those terrible body punches that made him feared. He ripped and swung at Gus and seldom missed and Gus became very groggy, yet gamely stuck it out, though he knew he was a beaten man and that he soon would be dropped. And he was dropped in a trice a moment later when Jeff landed a right uppercut and followed it instantly with

(*Continued on page* 19)

No Royal Road to Fistic Fame

The Second Story in the Series "What Breeds Great Fighting Men?"

By JACK SKELLY
One of America's Foremost Authorities on Boxing

JUDGING by several letters I received following the first installation of my series started in the last issue, one might think that I inferred that a boy desiring to become a champion must of necessity be a rough neck or must come from some rough neighborhood. This isn't my point of view at all. Those who criticized me on this point meant well, but they failed to see that I simply pointed out in my previous chapter on "What breeds Great Fighters?" that most of the great men of pugilistic history were born in crowded surroundings where the constant battle of massed humans brought about a survival of the fittest and created natural fighters.

As a matter of fact, every healthy, intelligent and strong boy has a chance to rise to the top of the pugilistic ladder. Only he will find that there is no royal road for him to travel. The road he must lead is a rough one, a hard one, with terrible bumps and lots of discouraging cross roads.

There are certain essentials that a boy must have if he hopes to rise far in the great game of pugilism.

First and foremost of these is GAMENESS. Yet a boy who is just game but lacks in other essentials, will not rise far.

Health is a big factor. And health presumes clean living, clean thinking.

Activeness, otherwise speed, is another essential.

Stamina also is a requisite.

A punch is an attribute that may cover up many other lacking essentials.

I wouldn't be surprised if ten millions of boys in this world aspire to become ring champions. There is a glamour to the ring that attracts healthy, robust, keen youngsters.

I have received tons and tons of letters from youngsters who are seeking information regarding their chances in the boxing game. I couldn't begin to answer one one hundredth of these. I can only hope that THE RING will reach most of these boys eventually and that my message here will be carried to them.

To get back to essentials, let me say this: Most of our champions were reared midst humble surroundings, and won their crowns by perseverence, clean living and honesty.

They had the physical makeup so essential to a great boxer. By that I mean strength and stamina.

They had the mental makeup, courage and the ability to think quickly.

They had the punch and they acquired speed, science, etc., by hard work.

It would seem that a boy should first assure himself honestly of his physical ability and next of his mental qualifications. Above all he must assure himself that he likes boxing, not alone for the big purses that he may gain if he goes into it professionally, but for the game itself.

He must assure himself that he is willing to take many hard blows, to go through much suffering, both physical and mental. I would say that a boy ought to weigh the problem pretty well and decide if he thinks the hazards are worth the game. For he must realize that all cannot be champions.

There is such a thing as natural fighting ability. The fellow possessed of this does not always become a champion. In fact he may remain the veriest dub all his career. He may lack skill, brain work, or he may not lead a clean, athletic life, all of which would make his natural ability of little consequence.

The boy starting out has to fit himself mentally for his task. He has to say to himself: I am as game as the next one and I'm willing to take a punch to give one. I will work hard, study boxers, styles, etc., etc., and follow in the footsteps of fighters who have proven their worth.

Then, if he has the primary essentials, he must reconcile himself to a slow rise, though he may be a lucky boy and rise quickly. He must, above everything else, live cleanly.

I can't seem to repeat and emphasize that often enough. All of my life I have drummed on that subject until some folks think me crazy on the matter. But a clean-living fellow has so much more chance, in boxing, business, anything, that it seems one of the mortal sins to me that any fellow should live any but a clean life:

Now, granting that the boy has strength, some primary skill at boxing, an active brain and lives decently, he must begin down at the bottom, fight the small fish first and gradually develop until he can combat the big fish. He will find that great fighters have been developed in many ways, but none of them traveled a royal road.

If he is a country boy he may lack the native pugnacity of the city born boy, or, rather, the boy who was reared where fighting among other boys was a daily occurrence. I say he may lack this if he is a country boy. On the other hand he may not. But if he does lack it he must develop combativeness and pugnacity. He has to overcome some of the finer feelings we humans generally have. But he does not have to become brutalized by any means.

One of the things I would warn against is thinking too much of the purses to be had. Especially is this true of the beginner. It takes years and years sometimes to get into the big earning class in pugilism. Sometimes it takes but a short while. In any case, it must be a secondary consideration for the boy who aspires to be a champion or a near champion.

When you come to sum it all up, great fighters are bred through their will to fight. Through their desire to become champions, through their willingness to take hard knocks and to devote their entire energies to the task at hand. Some great fighters are born that way. Most of them are bred, which is to say, they are developed. They owe something to early environment, something to natural ability, something to native mental poise, but most to study, hard work, courage and clean living.

Now go to it, you ten millions of youngsters in this world, and see how many of you can reach the top along the lines I have laid down. I wish you all the success in the world.

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Peter Maher's Psychology

By A. D. PHILLIPS

THINKING back a bit to the days when the eminent son of Auld Ireland was in his prime and an idol among the Irish-Americans who hailed his coming to this country as the big chance for Ireland, one wouldn't believe that Peter, with his broad smile and black pointed mustache, was a believer in psychology. And the chances are that only a few professors of that day knew what in the name of Mike Kilroy's pig, psychology was!

Peter himself didn't call it psychology. Peter was no professor. But he practiced psychology on the other fellow, just the same.

Fans who were dodging speculators in the days when Peter was at his best will easily recall the night in Madison Square Garden when the Irish champion—for Peter was the heavyweight champion of Ireland at the time—knocked out two men in the same ring in one night.

They may even recall that the victims were Jim Smith, a big, strong fellow who laid claim to the heavyweight championship of England, and Sailor Brown, a tough customer among the second raters.

Now Peter had, it must be understood, chased Jim Corbett about for a title match, without avail, and Billy Madden, his manager, had sent Peter touring the country meeting all comers, which Peter did with much eclat and a good deal of damage to his opponents. And still Corbett wouldn't give Maher a chance.

"He isn't good enough," said Corbett, who was a tactician in and out of the ring.

Well, that made Peter Maher sore. It made Billy Madden feel still worse.

"Not good enough, eh," expostulated Peter. "Sure and I wonder what a man has to do to be good enough to meet the fancy buck uv a dancing master," added Peter with much emotion. Billy Madden did Peter's thinking for him and finally hit upon a scheme.

"I have it," said Madden. "WE'LL fight two men in one ring in one night and WE'LL guarantee to knock both of them out or YOU'LL give each of them $500."

Peter sat thinking it over.

"WE'LL fight 'em, YOU'LL pay 'em," meditated Peter.

Then he said to Madden:

"I'm game to fight two men in one night, Bill, but under one condition. While I'm fighting the first fellow, the second fellow must sit at the ringside, otherwise, not a chance."

And so it was arranged.

Smith and Brown were chosen as Peter's opponents. Smith and Brown tossed a coin and Smith won the right to meet Peter first.

Debonir Peter sat in his corner grinning at Smith and the latter was scared to death when the bell rang. Peter danced just one step, then feinted and Smith swung. He missed and before he knew it Peter's mighty right collided with Smith's jaw. Smith went down and out like a ton of bricks. No sooner had he landed the blow than Maher turned to where Brown sat peering up at him, and raising his right fist said:

"That was just a teaser. Wait until I get a swing at you, me lad."

Brown was visibly effected, but he was a gamester and he would not refuse to meet Maher. Brown lasted about twenty seconds longer than had Smith. He stepped into a right, went down, came up and pivoted, in the forelorn hope that he would catch Peter unawares.

But he failed. He missed and as he did Peter landed the old right again and Brown went down and out.

Afterwards Peter said to Madden.

"'Twas an easy trick. You knock the first fellow out with one punch, but you have to have the second fellow close by so he can see it. Then he's licked before he's started.

"'Tis the only way to lick two good men in one night," was Peter's psychological advice.

JIM JEFFRIES

(*Continued from page* 17)

a left uppercut. Gus toppled and then fell and was just dragging himself to his feet when the bell sounded.

In the fifth Gus was floored with a straight right to the wind that doubled him up in agony. But Gus managed to get to his feet and in a dying effort to save himself began boxing the very best he knew how. And in that dying half of the fifth and last round Gus gave a splendid exhibition of courage and resourcefulness.

The fans were applauding him vigorously as he sat in his corner and were beginning to believe that after all Ruhlin might gain strength and might make a real fight for Jeff. Then suddenly Gus's seconds tossed in the sponge and the fight was over.

In truth Gus had suffered so from that blow in the stomach that he could not be revived. He was in terrible pain. Some charged afterwards that he lacked courage for not continuing.

But he was awed by Jeff from the outset and was fairly beaten by a better man throughout the contest.

The Nose Only One Small Town Said Beaten Boxer

Two colored boxers were meeting in the ring at a local club recently. The bigger of the two was continually walloping his small opponent on the nose. That was the only point on the anatomy that appealed to him.

Finally, in sheer disgust, the smaller one puffed:—"Whar did you learn to box?"

The bigger chap then directed two more blows at his "beak," drawing the blood in streams, before replying:—

"Huh, Ah learned all ovah de country, man, all ovah de country."

"Well, den, scatter youh blows, man; scatter 'em!" grunted the little fellow. "Hit de way you picked up de game. My nose is only one small town."

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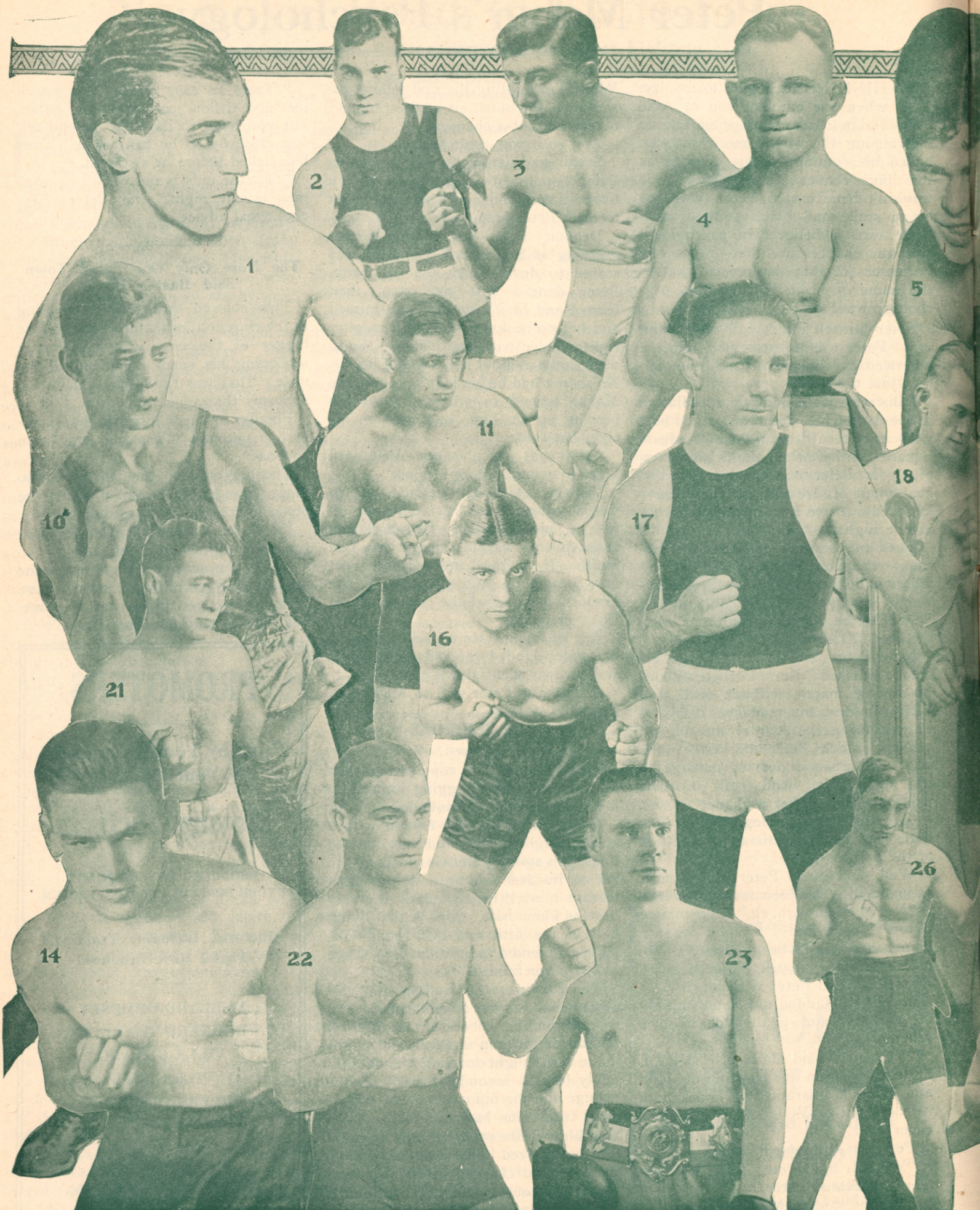

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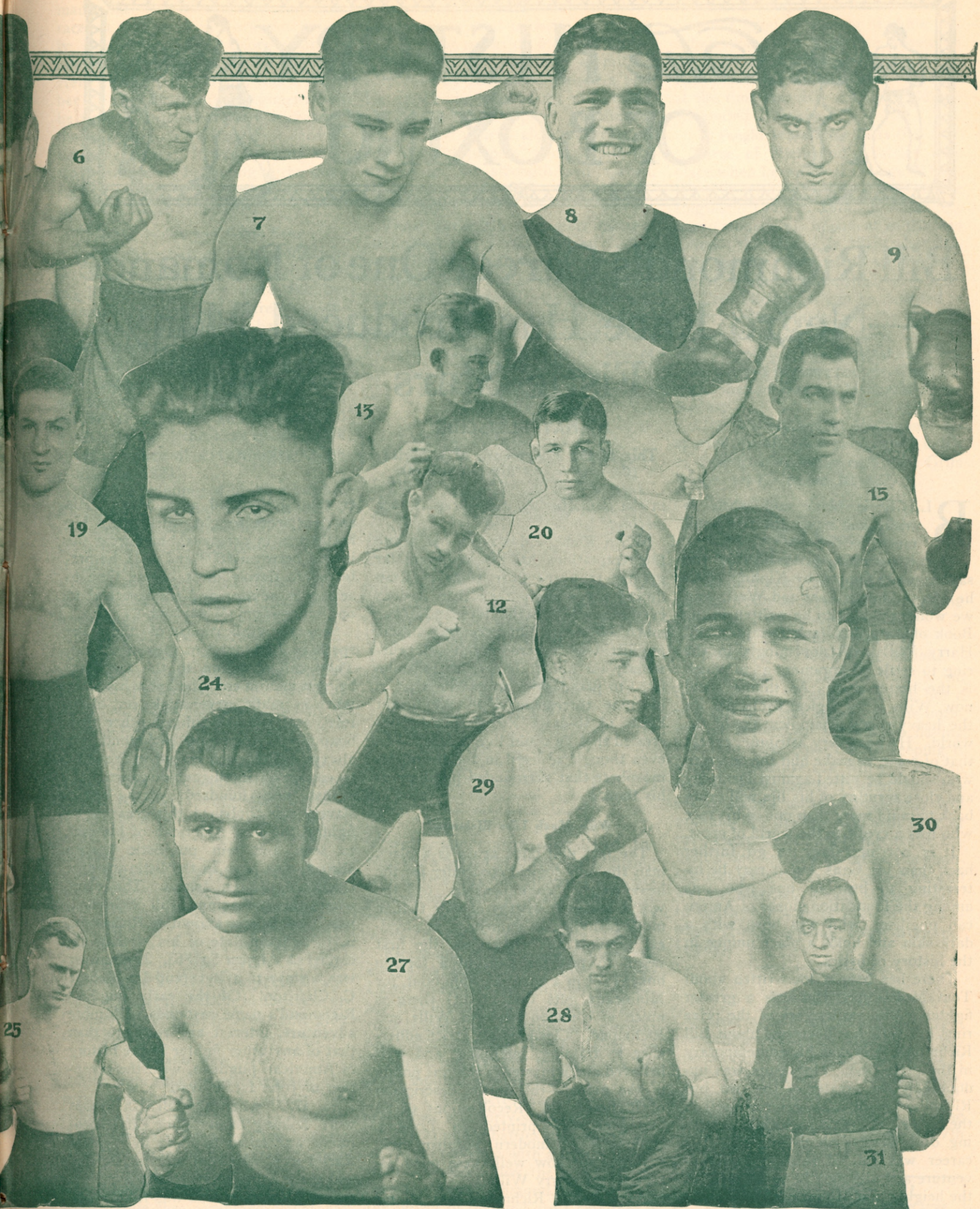
7—EDDIE BURNBROOK, Camp Holabird, Maryland
8—EDDIE SHEVLIN, Boston
9—JIMMY AMATO, New York
10—PAUL DOYLE, New York
11—PHIL BLOOM, Brooklyn
12—JIMMY SULLIVAN, New York
13—TRAVIS DAV
14—ROCKY SMIT
15—FRANKIE MU
16—HARRY GAL
17—BARNEY AD

ts who are Menacing Crown of Mickey Walker



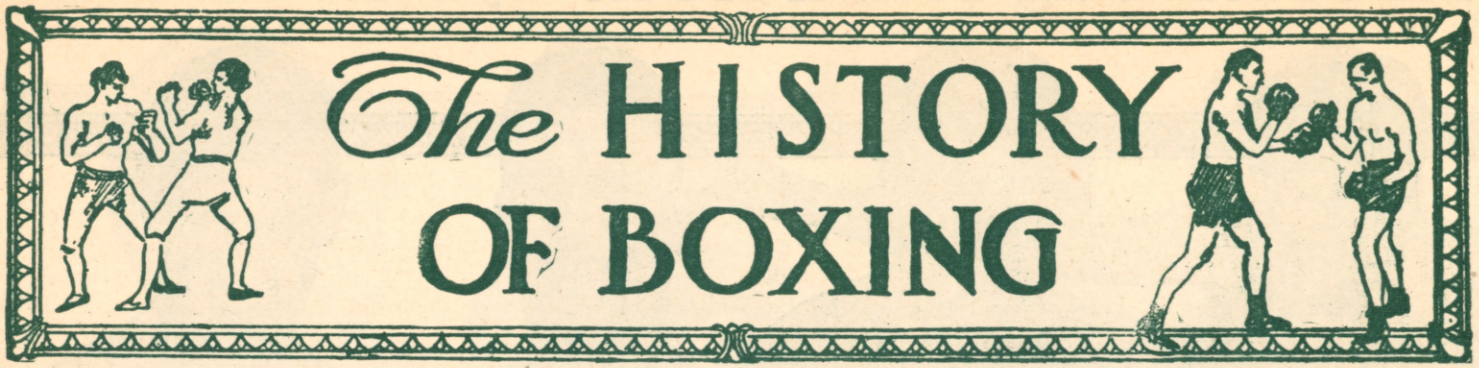
California
Battle Creek, Mich.
HY, Denver, Colo.
ID, Brooklyn
, Boston

18—JOHNNY TILLMAN, St. Paul, Minn.
19—SOLDIER BARTFIELD, New York
20—JIMMY KELLY, New York
21—IZZY TANNER, St. Paul, Minn.

22—WILLIE HARMON, Boston
23—BERMONDSEY BILLY WELLS, Great Britain
24—CHARLEY PICKER, New York

25—JOHNNY RILEY, Scranton, Pa.
26—JACK PERRY, Pittsburgh
27—FRANK D'ANNUNZIO, Providence, R. I.

28—ALEX TRAMBITAS, California
29—DANNY ROSS, Brooklyn
30—COWBOY WILLIAMS, Oklahoma
31—SANDY TAYLOR, New York



Bill Richmond's Career One of Romance —Negro Race Has Produced Many Fistic Stars

By NAT FLEISCHER

This Is the Fourteenth of a Series

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BLACK is black and white is white and never the two shall meet.

That is switching just a bit from the saying made famous by Kipling when he was talking of East and West. And we wonder if it is to be written in the Book of Fate that Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills will not mingle in the ring to settle all argument as to which is the better man. As things stand now, Wills is the logical contender for the heavyweight championship of the world. He has every attribute, except that of color, to make him the one man who should be pitted against Dempsey and close scrutiny of his life will bring back to mind more than one of his race who was a credit to the world of sport.

It is not necessary to go further back than Joe Gans, but it may be interesting to hear of one who was among the foundation stones of American pugilism, who was born with a dark skin and holds a place unique in the history of fistics.

There has been a lot written about Tom Molineaux, who was a greater fighter in the earliest era of the prize ring, but little has been said about Bill Richmond, who was his contemporary in the prize ring. Molineaux was undoubtedly the greater of the two, but Richmond made a place for himself in the history of the ring which is deserving of a chapter all to himself. His career was full of romance and adventure and although he never reached the heights that Molineaux attained, he has left behind him an example that might well be followed by any boxer in the game to-day regardless of race or color.

When Richmond was in his prime the temptations for a boxer were far greater than they are to-day. Rum flowed more freely then than it does even in these Volstead days, and it was much cheaper. Furthermore, a star pugilist was a hero and it was customary for him to have a patron who liked to parade him around in what in his time corresponded to the bright lights of to-day. Richmond demonstrated that he could live a decent life, even though he lived in the brutal atmosphere that surrounded pugilism in his time.

Wills Much Like Richmond

The fact that once again is a black man the only logical contender for the heavyweight championship of the world, makes it worthy of note that in mode of living, in gameness, in physical prowess and cleverness, the first negro to test the skill of a foreign boxer (not in a championship bout, for Molineaux gets that credit) there is much in common between Wills and Richmond. "Clean living, strict adherence to training, intelligent and well behaved and a master in the fine points of the game"—this is the description of Richmond in "Recollections of an Octogenarian," printed in London. Followers of modern pugilism will readily note how well these good attributes fit Harry Wills.

As a second Richmond was by far the best of his period. Boxiana says that Richmond, as a second, was greater than Richmond as a boxer. His services were sought whenever a big battle was in progress, but during the period between 1809 and 1811 he preferred to devote most of his time to acting as adviser and chief second to one man—Tom Molineaux.

Several publications of the time speak of Richmond in glowing terms. They call attention to the fact that being a man of color he knew his place when in public, never spoke out of his turn, and when a subject other than boxing was discussed, Richmond was always well enough versed in the topic to engage in intelligent discourse.

Just one hundred years before slavery was abolished, this great negro fighter, the first American of his race to seek and win pugilistic honors abroad, was born in the little town of Cuckhold, Staten Island. The place where this pickaninny, Bill Richmond, was born, is now known as Richmond, S. I., and the date of his birth is recorded as August 5, 1763. His mother was a slave to a Reverend Dr. George C. Charlton. Of the early pugilists Richmond's name resounds with more adventure, interest and romance than that of any other fighter in the history of American pugilism, with the exception of John L. Sullivan.

In 1777, when the British troops were holding New York City, Richmond was taken in hand by General Earl Percy, who sent him to England and there apprenticed him to a cabinet maker. When his task was fulfilled, he became a valet to Lord Camelford, a sporting nobleman of the period. It

was while in the service of this nobleman that Richmond, attending the races at the course at York, was grossly insulted by one George Moore, known as Docky Moore, the Fighting Hero of Sheffield. Moore was a member of the Nineteenth Regiment and he was so badly beaten by Richmond that the nego, in his very first encounter gained fame. It was not long after that two soldiers belonging to the same regiment tackled Richmond and here again the negro triumphed.

Beats Soldier and Gains Fame

It was these battles that made Richmond a hero and placed him on the pugilistic map. They were the beginning of a long and a strenuous career of a born fighter, a battler possessed of gameness and ability such as were seldom seen in the period we are now discussing. Richmond became a sporting character whose presence was desired at all affairs and he remained a celebrity until the time of his death at the ripe age of sixty-six years, December 28, 1829.

With the winning of his first battles, Richmond embarked upon an active ring career that lasted until 1818 and did not cease until this fighter was past the fifty-year mark. There was an intermission of a few years in his active participation in boxing, but these years he spent as a coach and second.

Richmond's fame spread like wildfire and he soon was challenged by every boxer, good or poor, who wanted to down the foreigner. Of these, the American black first accepted that of a coachman by the name of Jack Holmes, who a year before had defeated the famous Tom Blake, called Tom Tough. In twenty-six fast and furious rounds Holmes was disposed of before a notable gathering and Richmond won a purse of twenty-five guineas.

With this victory to his credit, Richmond received some attention from Tom Cribb, who at that time was the chief contender for the heavyweight title, but was not its possessor. He won the title in 1808. Cribb and Richmond signed articles of agreement and fought a great battle in Sussex on October 8, 1805, with Cribb emerging the winner.

Presents New Style

Although this contest marked the first great international contest, the reports are so meagre that accounts of the blows have been lost for historic records. Some of the early English writers declare that Richmond presented a style hitherto unseen in England, a style that combined cleverness with a shifting such as baffled even the great Cribb, and as a result the reporters were unable to follow the blows and were satisfied to write on the result without reporting blow for blow.

The open and free style of milling employed by Richmond proved a puzzle to Cribb, who could not understand this sidestepping. Richmond sparred and danced along the ring on his "long black pins" and, despite the use of all his strength and speeed, Cribb was unable to get across the deciding blow.

Those present at the start thought Richmond was performing an Indian war dance so clever was he. He skipped nimbly out of reach of his antagonist and it required one hour and a half before the Englishman was declared the winner. Richmond, either by reason of the verdict or by loss of interest, temporarily abandoned the ring for a period of three years, during which time he often appeared at bouts as a second, but did not personally appear as combatant until April 14, 1809, when he met Cater at Epsom Downs.

BILL RICHMOND

From a Portrait by HILLMAN, 1812.

Richmond, at this stage, showed the mettle he was made of by whipping Carter in twenty-five minutes after being badly beaten himself in the early rounds and then jumping over the ring and administering a thrashing to "China-Eyed Brown" for an abuse offered months previously.

Not a poor performance for a man who then was forty-six years old!

Several minor battles then took place and were followed with a return match with George Maddox, the first Englishman to defeat Richmond. It was with the object of giving Lord Camelford a chance to retrieve some of his losses sustained in the first Maddox bout that Richmond sought the return tilt, and he made good by forcing Maddox into submission in a desperate encounter that lasted 52 minutes, during which Richmond was badly beaten. Maddox at the time was fifty-six years old and Richmond forty-six.

Fought When Fifty Years Old

Three of Richmond's battles took place when he was past the age of fifty, the first with one called Davis at the Pugilistic Club in 1814, in which the negro stopped his opponent in thirteen rounds; the second, in 1815, when 10,000 persons assembled at Moulsey Hurst, when he astonished the youthful Tom Shelton, whom he defeated in twenty-three rounds, and the last, an impromptu battle with Jack Cater in 1818, in which the Lancashire Hero was worsted in three rounds. The bout with Shelton was his last public ring contest.

After his retirement Richmond, respected by all sportsmen, lived a life of comfort until removed by the Grim Reaper on **December 28, 1829.**

Kid Socko

(*Continued from page* 4)

if you can send me one hundred to pay my railroad fare and other trifling expenses, I will come at once.

Your dream girl,
Gwendolyn Patricia du Malone.

Well, friends, naturally this is no ordinary broad making a touch, but a real girl to which money means nothing on account of her always having had it and her cruel family keeping it from her because she will not stay in society, so naturally I send her the century right away and so this will probably be the last you will hear of me on account of I am going to quit the fight game flat and go off to the country just as soon as she gets here and we are married, which should ou to be in a few days even if she has some trouble getting away from her family.

WANTED!!!

I have a den full of old time fight pictures and books on pugilism. If any readers of THE RING want to dispose of their collection of photos or books, please communicate with Robert R. Emerson, care of THE RING, Evening Telegram Building, 16th Street and 7th Avenue, New York City.

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Shadows of the Past—Jack Johnson

No. XV

By FRANK E. COULTRY

THERE are some boxing fans, and mighty good judges of fighting men, too, who still believe that Jack Johnson was the greatest of modern pugilists. There are others, however, who claim that this eminence is too great for the big colored fighter who was dethroned by Jess Willard. Whatever the result of a debate on the question might be, there is this to say for Lil' Arthur: He was a master defensive fighter.

That is not said with the idea of implying that he could not attack. Far from it. He had a cruel way of inflicting punishment, was a terrific puncher at long range, and he could take it, too. The story of Johnson's ring career is a peculiar one. From a poor roustabout around the docks at Galveston, to world's heavyweight champion, was the gamut he ran during his career.

There are at least three distinct periods in Johnson's life when he ran through all the emotions that bedevil mankind. At the very start of his career he was knocked out by Joe Choynski. Then came the long drive upward and finally he was sent chasing around the world to win a championship that did not assay 14-karat. But there came the day when he defeated Jeffries. Defeated the man that possibly above all others he wanted to beat. It was Jeffries who, as champion, had sneered at the big black fellow, who had refused to give Johnson a chance at the title and who, it is reputed, invited Johnson into the cellar of Harry Corbett's saloon in 'Frisco and promised that but one man would be able to come out of the room unassisted.

And so when Jeffries finally crawled into the ring with Johnson at Reno on July 4, 1910, Johnson was the happiest man in the world. He always claimed that he could have whipped Jeffries when Jeffries was at the peak of his ring greatness. That, of course, always will remain something that humans can't answer. However that may be, the fact is that Johnson toyed with Jeffries and finally knocked him out.

Lil' Arthur reigned high as the king of the heavyweights. It is interesting to speculate what will happen if Harry Wills, the colored giant who is one of the logical opponents for Jack Dempsey, should beat the champion and become champion himself. If he does this, say, within another year, will Johnson be able to force Wills into a match? He probably would succeed in his quest. Then would he be able to take the burden of his years and his dissipations and conquer Wills? Or would it be another case like that of old man Jeffries trying to whip Young Jack Johnson?

There still is another phase of Johnson's career. This has to do with the day in Havana when he lost to Jess Willard. There are any number of persons who say this bout was a fake and that Johnson quit to Willard under an agreement. There are many aspects of that battle that looked off color.

Johnson was a fugitive from justice in this country at the time. He needed money and the holding of the championship had not aided him in getting it to any extent. He took many chances in getting to Havana for the fight and showed that he needed the money badly. And in the twenty-sixth round when he was knocked out it is a well known fact that he rolled over on his back and placed his arm over his eyes to shade them from the glaring tropical sun. Of course there is nothing new in that story. It is part of the lore of boxing. But it is repeated merely in relating the passing of Johnson.

Here we have three periods in the life of the colored wonder when he faced the severest tests. Had old age and dissipation overtaken him at Havana, or was he merely the pawn of circumstances, compelled to throw this fight to make some money? All old stuff. The question has been asked and answered both ways a million times since then.

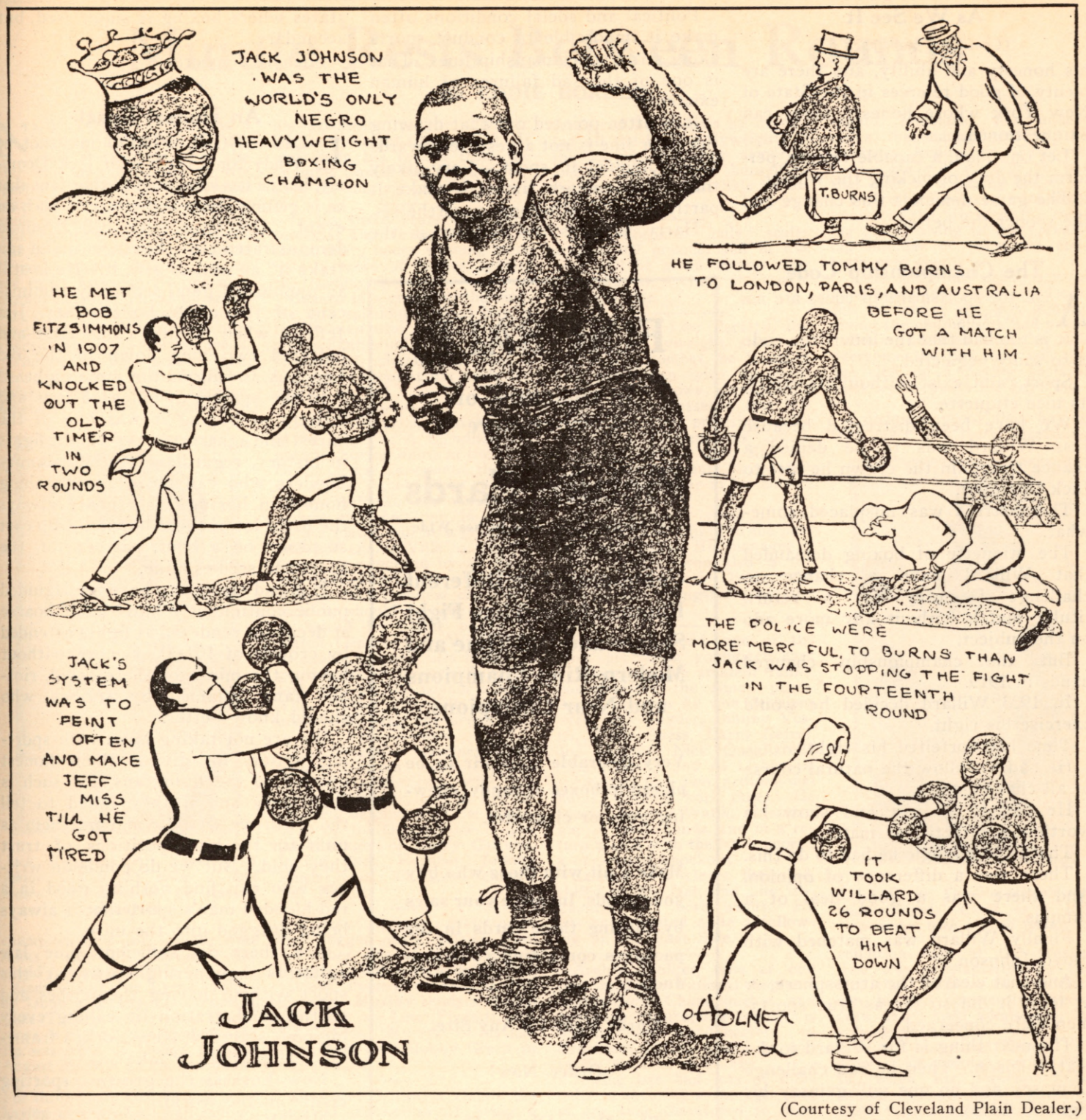
The most interesting thing about Johnson was, aside from his natural ability as a fighter, his cheerfulness. Under all kinds of circumstances he was a cheerful fellow. He had a golden smile, golden because it showed a mouth full of gold teeth, that won him many friends. He was not an unlikeable fellow until bad council prompted him to seek the society of white folks. Then he became disliked and strangely enough his temperament underwent a change then and he became a much more aggressive fellow and one harder to deal with. He had few friends when finally he fled this country.

But there isn't much animosity against him now. He is making a living doing some theatrical stuff on the small time and boxing when the law allows him to. Strange how the great men of the ring drift.

Kid Confidence—The Old Boy Himself

By J. Raymond Price

What's that y' say, I ain't got a chance wit' Young Sockem, the knock 'em out kid,
The boy who takes 'em an' cuts 'em to bits, then stands 'em all on their lid?
Well, listen t' me, my little lad, be it Ben Leonard or Battling McKay,
He's gotta move quick, as quick as a lick, t' get out o' my sharpshootin' way.
For it's Yo, ho, ho an' a bottle o' rum,
Young Sockem won't laugh wit' glee,
He might have a mitt like a seven league boot,
But he won't plant it on poor little me.
'Cause I'm the dancin', prancin' chap wit' the wallop in both o' my hands,
It's li'ble t' get loose mos' any ol' time; I'm not partickler when it lands.
I've battled my way through the rank an' the file an' I've never taken the drop,
An' I'll wear the crown o' the lightweight class before I'm ready t' stop.
Young Sockem, eh? Who'd he ever beat, an' where'd he discover the name?
Well, I'm here t' tell y' an' just' get it straight, he'll stop on the road t' fame
When he tackles me, the Old Boy himself, with the punch that gets the dough,
Who likes to take 'em as tough as they come an' knock 'em all for a row.
An' it's Yo, ho, ho an' a bottle o' rum,
I'm the razzlin', dazzlin' boy,
When the guys in the gallery see me in the ring
They all jump up an' shout for joy.



(Courtesy of Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Yet all of those who say that Johnson was a quitter must feel ashamed of themselves when they see him back making efforts to rehabilitate himself after serving a prison sentence, after bearing the scorn of the entire sporting world. He probably won't be mentioned more in the annals of the ring, but he will always be remembered as a great fighter and a creature of circumstances who certainly got none the better of the well know breaks.

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We have received complaints from some fight managers that they are being approached with the statement that for a small sum the photograph of their boxer will be inserted in The Ring. Pay no attention to such alleged solicitors. They are petty grafters who have no connection with The Ring, which engages in no hold-up tactics. Send your photographs direct to The Ring. We charge nothing for the insertion. Our only charge is for full page advertisements with reading matter or any part of a page inserted as an advertisement. We have no solicitors.

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Manager

As We See It

(*Continued from page* 5)

his honesty and ability, and there are plenty of good referees in the State of New York whose honesty never can be questioned.

Let one man, a capable referee, perform the duty of picking the winner.

The game demands this change and the sooner the better.

* * *

The Championship Code

ALL the sportsmanship codes are not in writing.

It is too bad that the unwritten code is so sadly neglected.

Sport can't exist without its ethics, its nice etiquette.

We have been distressed because Jess Willard was to be denied a chance to regain the crown he lost to Jack Dempsey.

The distress was misplaced somewhat.

The etiquette of boxing demanded that Willard have a chance to challenge Dempsey for a return titular match without any more ado on the subject.

But the championship changed hands in 1919.

In 1923 Willard decided he would exercise his right.

Time had forfeited his right.

He had to follow the natural course of all challengers.

He had to go out and show his worthiness of a titular match.

That is, in all logic he had to do this.

There was a difference of opinion. And there was a good deal of a rumpus.

Finally Willard was matched with Floyd Johnson.

And that cleared the atmosphere, or at least it did so far as true sportsmen were concerned.

The next thing is for Willard to defeat Johnson. Then he can challenge Dempsey and no one will gainsay his right to do so.

If he is beaten by Johnson the world will know that he passed out of the fighting game at Toledo on July 4, 1919.

* * *

Color Line in Boxing

THE color line in boxing is an old, old subject. Will it ever be settled? It is difficult to say. From an impartial and true sportsmanship viewpoint it should be settled by being wiped out.

Race, color and religion should have no place in sports. A man is a man or he isn't a man. That's all there is to that.

Political and social conditions often make it impossible to conduct sports along strict sportsmanship lines. That is one of the sad failures of human existence.

It is often pointed out that drawing the color line is not a gesture towards any individual in sport. Very likely that is so enough times to make it partly true. It is wrong, nevertheless.

Harry Wills is the sufferer in the present instance. Unjustly he is bearing the crown of thorns that his ancestors bequeathed him. It is not fair, humane or American.

But it is a fact.

A referendum of the sporting world probably would refute the color line. But referendums are hard to take and once taken are held to be, by the duly constituted law bodies in various states where boxing is supervised, but secondary.

Such is democracy.

* * *

An Honest Boast

LUIS ANGEL FIRPO may not be ready for a clash with Jack Dempsey, but he has convinced boxing fans that he is getting closer and closer to such an event. His fight with Bill Brennan demonstrated that the Argentinian can "take it" as well as give it. He is still an unpolished gem, strangely reminiscent of the crude boilermaker, Jim Jeffries when he first came East and battered two men down in the old Lenox A. C. ring on the same night.

In the opinion of unbiased fans and writers of boxing it was one of the fairest and squarest heavyweight fights in history, regardless of the calamity howlers who can never see anything honest in boxing. There are always the usual lot of these howlers who cast suspicion on a bout, patrons of the sport and scribes alike.

It is bad enough to have a misguided public continuously howl itself hoarse at decisions rendered at fights attended by crowds of 10,000 or more without having the minds of these rabid, riotous fans inflamed by scribes who should know better.

We are not taking issue with sporting writers for giving their honest opinion to the fight fans, for such is their duty and if they failed to tell the truth we would condemn them as unfit for the high positions of trust they hold. But we do condemn writers who can find nothing good in a red-blooded man's sport that is always being dragged into the mire.

Are there not sufficient blue law agitators hammering away at this sport without having the scribes add to the conflagration by calling every big bout staged in New York, a frame-up, set-up affair or fake?

New York is the greatest sporting centre in the world.

New York sportsmen are more red-blooded than the country or world over.

New York is the greatest place in the world for receiving a square deal and it is not fair to the good name of sports to have New York assailed from every angle every time a man has an axe to grind.

We again reiterate the FIRPO-BRENNAN FIGHT WAS THE SQUAREST, FAIREST, AND ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL BOUTS SEEN IN A NEW YORK RING IN THE PAST DECADE.

Let us stop the knocking and do a little boosting once in a while!

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Picture Cards

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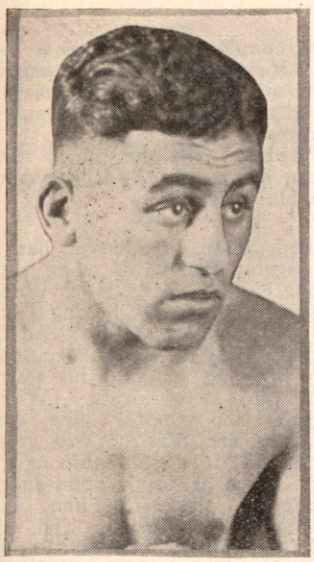
NEW YORK CITY

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

NEW YORK CITY holds a unique distinction in the field of pugilism. For the first time in the history of the sport five local boys are crown bearers, two international or world champions and three American title holders. The defeat of Pancho Villa by Frankie Genaro enables Manhattan to add to its fistic laurels two new champions in a period of seven days Gene Tunney having gained the crown from Harry Greb only a week ago in the Garden arena.

The other title holders are: Benny Leonard, world's lightweight king; Johnny Dundee, American junior lightweight



Jack Bernstein, of Yonkers, a junior lightweight with a fine record. Jack looks like the coming ***champion***

champion, and Joe Lynch, who ranks supreme among the world's bantamweights.

Genaro, like Joe Lynch, Johnny Dundee, Benny Leonard and Gene Tunney, other ring champions, is a product of New York. He was born of Italian parents August 26, 1901, and is approaching his twenty-second birthday. For three years Genaro has been boxing as a professional, following his graduation from the amateur ranks.

As an amateur Genaro was supreme in the flyweight ranks and at times went out of his own division to win honors in the bantamweight class. His crowning achievement, prior to entering upon a professional career, was his succession to the Olympic Games flyweight title in 1920. It was upon his return from the Olympic Games that Genaro forsook the amateur ring.

In his three years as a professional, Genaro has engaged in about thirty bouts, winning more than a score of battles against the leading flyweights.

Genaro is a credit to the ring. He is a splendid type of boy, a family man who adores his two children, and, unlike the old-time spendthrift champions, has a neat bank account put aside for a rainy day.

Tom O'Rourke, matchmaker of the Republic A. C., which will hold its boxing bouts at the Polo Grounds, has announced that he has signed Pancho Villa to fight Jimmy Wilde for the world's flyweight title on June 16. That such a match will be a great one and will enable Villa to win the crown, is conceded by all Eastern fight experts. However, it is strange that the new champion, Genaro, should be side-tracked. It would be better policy to match Genaro with Wilde first to enable the new title holder to get a crack at the world's crown and then pit the winner against Villa. Either boy, Villa or Genaro, would pack any arena.

Nat Pincus, a prominent little flyweight from Brooklyn, has severed connections with his former manager, and in the future will be guided by the master hand of Joe Gould. Joe is now the manager of Harry Galfund, Italian Jack Herman, Johnny Reisler, and his latest charge, Nat Pincus.

Murray Bresner, that tough and rugged little battler from the other side of the Brooklyn Bridge, is out with a defi to the various flyweights around this vicinity. Murray sends a special challenge to Lew Perfetti and Nat Pincus. Murray, in his last start, won over Bobby Green in eight rounds.

Corporal Schwartz claims the unusual distinction of being a combatant in every prominent battle in the late war, and in the future will center all his efforts to making a successful ring man. He arrived in New York about three months ago a total stranger, and immediately made a good start by winning from Vincent Salvatore in eight rounds. He furthered his success by defeating all the leading flyweights in the various regiment armories, and he has endeared himself to the fans of the East Side by his brilliant work.

The Corporal only scales around 109 pounds, and in due time will be given serious consideration for a crack at Frankie Genaro's title.

Every time Lew Perfetti, the ex-amateur flyweight star, engages in a combat, he leaves a fine impression with the fight fans. He shows considerable class. He possesses a fast left hand and the precision with which he delivers his blows, combined with a most fine defense, makes it safe to predict that he will go far in his chosen profession.

He is eighteen years of age, and hasn't lost a fight in the professional ranks. His manager is John O'Brien, who also is the manager of Carl Duane, the spectacular youngster from the Bronx.

Sammy Bienfeld, one of the most promising youngster ever developed in the amateur ranks, has deserted the simon pures. As an amateur he won decisions over Jack Snyder, Johnny Vestri, Willie Suess, Harry Getzel, Joe Malone, Nick Quagliarelli, Sam Krinsky and Al Liebowitz.

He has had two professional bouts, winning both times. He fought Johnny Wank, defeating him in four rounds, and in a return match with the latter scored a one-round knockout.

Sammy is a clever little lad, shifty on his feet, and hits frequently with both hands. He has accumulated quite a following on the East Side.

Archie Walker, who at one time held the National Amateur Lightweight Championship and has been progressing rapidly, is moving his headquarters to Brockton, Mass., where he will reside until he is of age.

Archie has had lots of difficulty in securing a manager, and at one time threatened to drop out of the game. Archie's talents are confined not alone to the fistic game; he was employed at one time in a brokerage office, occupying an executive position.

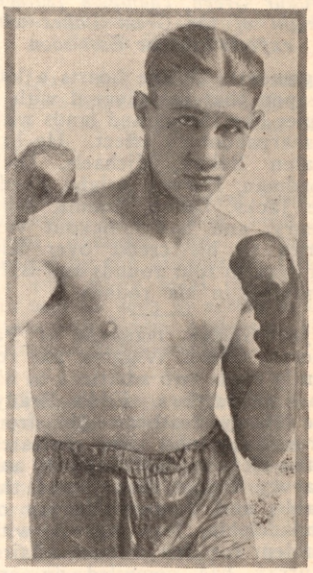
Eddie Walker, brother of Archie Walker, a hustling, energetic individual, has undertaken the management of the Freeport Auditorium, Freeport, L. I. He will attempt to put that club on a paying basis.

This club has been commonly known as the "Jinx" in the boxing game, owing to the prevailing number of substitute contests used there.

Time and time again, several good bouts that really stood out, fell thrugh at the last minute, giving the clubhouse a bad name.

Eddie declares that he will overcome the jinx, and will put the club on a paying basis if hard work counts for anything.

Conclusive proof that boxing was never in a more flourishing



Chick Roche, San Francisco's ***star*** *middleweight. Chick is a* 158-*pounder with a good* ***wallop***

condition than at the present time was substantiated by the fact that Madison Square Garden in two consecutive weeks drew 25,641 paid admissions, involving $113,407.80.

Gene Tunney and Harry Greb drew 12,438 people, and $54,880.-10, while the Pancho Villa-Frankie Genaro battle gathered 13,203 fans, and $58,527.70 in paid attendance.

Willie Kohler, an inhabitant of Brooklyn, is probably the most feared member in the featherweight division. Willie has compiled a most enviable record, and it seems strange that he is kept from securing lucrative en-

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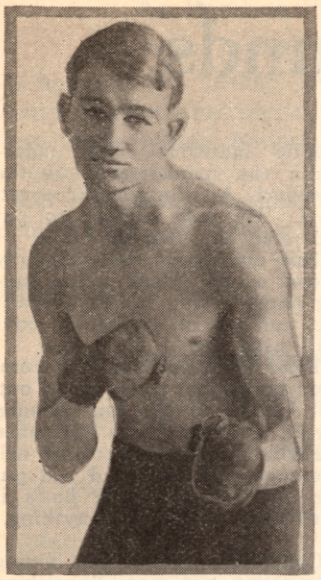


Wilbur Green, champion featherweight of the Great Lakes who expects to come East soon

gagements. Willie boasts a left weapon that is delivered with a rapier-like thrust, and lands with a sharpshooter's effect. He has beaten Bobby Michaels, Dick Loadman, Harvey Bright, Freddie Jacks, Dutch Brandt, Billy Henry, and has knockout victories to his credit over Kid Sullivan in four rounds and Billy Marlowe in six rounds.

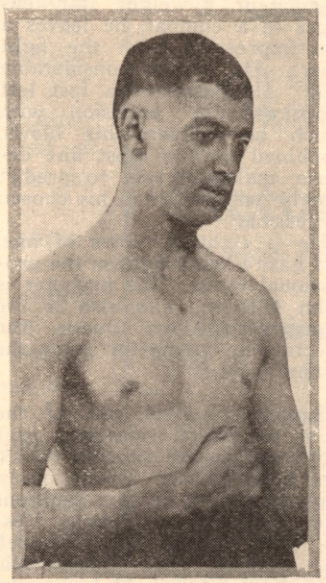
Joe Golden, manager of Pal Moran, Chuck Wiggins, has recently made two additions to his flock of battlers. Eddie Brady, the classy featherweight from Brooklyn, who has defeated Babe Herman, Kid Sullivan, and Harvey Bright, has joined the stable, and Tommy Murray of Philadelphia, has signed with Golden for his future affairs. Murray has compiled an enviable record, having defeated some of the leading bantamweights of the country. He holds two draw decisions with Joe Burman and Eddie Anderson.

Terry Lynch, who is a resident of Boston, but now residing in Flushing, writes that he is unable to secure matches in New York State. He has his license for two years, and in that length of time has not had a battle. Around Boston he won decisions over Johnny Downs, Charley Parker, Kid Lee, Irish Kid Williams twice, Willie Curry, Sailor Byron, Bobby Reimer and Johnny Brown, of Providence.

Last summer he trained with Hymie Gold, Andy Thomas, Pepper Martin, Rocky Kansas, and Johnny Martin at Freddie Welsh's training headquarters at Bayside.

One of the younger generation of pugilistic prospects that has risen to the top due to his own efforts of constantly battling when in the ring, has finally gained the recognization that he justly deserves. His name is Anthony Downey and he is a younger brother of Bryan Downey, one of the chief contenders for the middleweight title. Anthony has always been kept out of the limelight due to his brother' reputation, and was greatly handicapped by being referred to as Bryan Downey's brother. But lately the younger Downey's work in the ring has been standing out, and it is possible that he will replace his brother in the public's eye. He is a whirlwind fighter and has a fine record.

His best bouts have been with Frankie Sullivan, Johnny Karr, Frankie Jones, Joe Rivers, Jack Perry, "Speedy" Sparks, Johnny Griffiths, Bob Devine, Tommy Comiskey, and Young Denny. He is 21 years of age, has had 39 contests, scored 19 knockouts, and has never been decisively



Ray Cooper, welterweight champion of the U. S. Navy. Ray has a hefty wallop in either hand

beaten. He is under the direction of "Biddy" Bishop, of Cincinnati. Downey may soon be seen in Madison Square Garden.

George K. O. Brown of the West Side wants to hook up with the best men in his class. He issues a special challenge to Johnny Dundee for the Junior Lightweight Championship. He boxed Archie Walker in Troy sometime ago, and reports were sent out that he was knocked out. This he wishes denied, as the referee stopped the bout because Brown's hand was broken, and the referee ruled no-contest.

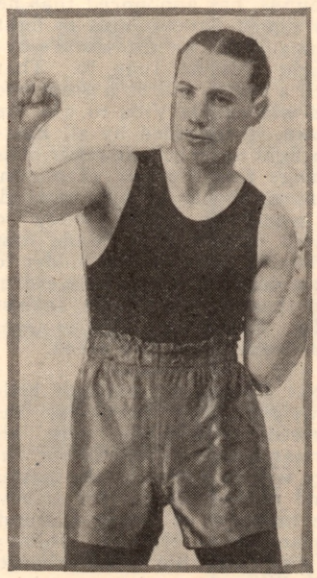
Frankie Fasano, the former amateur, is rapidly progressing. Frank won over Wilbur Cohen, an old amateur rival, in a hurricane encounter at the Commonwealth Club a few weeks ago. He furthered his good work by winning handily over Harry Gordon in a twelve rounder, incidently scoring a knockdown. Gordon came back two nights later, and scored a knockout over Danny Edwards, the California Colored Flash, in eleven rounds, which makes Fasano's accomplishment stand out further.

DOPE FROM COLORADO
By SAM BUXBAUM

Bob Hurst is a youth of sixteen years and weighs 175 pounds, and stands six feet in his stocking feet. He won three starts in the recent D. A. C. amateur tournament and won the light-heavyweight championship. He has had one start since turning pro and won in the second round via the kayo route. Hurst is a fairly good boxer and can sock some. He is now a stable mate of Bud Hamilton under the direction of Sam Buxbaum.

Eddie Mack, a very fast and clever boxer with a punch, is winning his starts via the kayo. His most prominent feat was to stop Demon Revera in the 11th round. Mack is making his home at Alamosa, Colo.

Pueblo at one time was one of the best fight towns around the Rocky Mountain region, and since boxing has been started by the American Legion it is getting back on its feet. Harry



Joe Joyce, Toronto bantamweight who seeks matches with New York's leading boys

Nangle, matchmaker, has been giving the fans their money's worth in his last few shows.

Joe Coffee, Pueblo featherweight, is r'arin' for action. Joe is a great crowd pleaser, as he is trying all the time and always can be depended upon to do his best.

Fred Maes, who recently came to these parts from the Coast, is a clever boxer, and his manager, Tommy Eddy, plans to send him against any of the 124-126 pounders around here.

Don Long had the most severe test of his short career when he boxed Young Billy Papke at Ft. Collins, and proved to the skeptical fans that he can deliver the goods.

If Kid Belt of Canon City, Colo., gets to be a faster boxer, he will be a dangerous opponent for anyone his weight, as he sure can sock some.

The Ring is sure getting a big play around the Rockies. They are sold at nearly every show in this region and it is no trouble selling a hundred or two to the fans. New agents are springing up in every town of any importance.

If Tommy Commiskey of Denver grows into a heavyweight, he sure will make a lot of trouble for some of the big fellows throughout the country. Commiskey is fast and clever and can bowl them over. Most of his bouts are won via the kayo route. Tommy Eddy, his manager, is handling him in the proper way, getting him a lot of experience before taking him into bigger game.

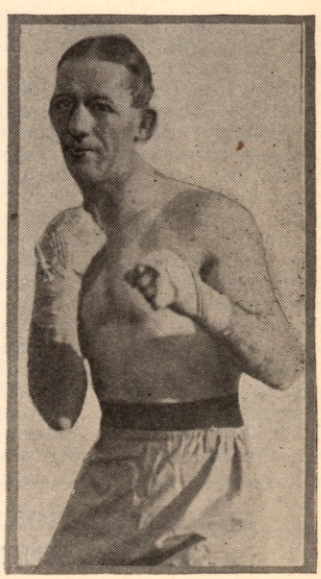
Cal Chearis made a rattling success with the amateur tournament that he held for the Elks Club of Sterling recently. Cal also puts on some of the best bouts around this part of the woods.

A couple of compliments for Bud Hamilton: "A bantamweight with the punch of a heavyweight."—Dean Snyder, Denver Express.

"A boy with the punch that kicks like a mule."—Ken Shane, Pueblo Chieftain.

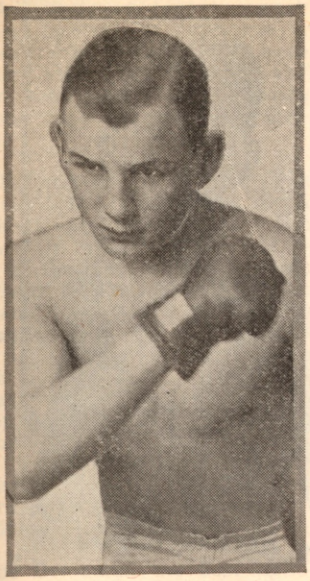
Tod Sloan of Denver has a youngster under his wing that looks like a comer. He is Willie Hope, 18 years old, boxing a little over a year, and has had 23 fights, losing two close decisions and winning most of his starts via the kayo route. Willie weighs 136 pounds now, but chances are that he will grow heavier before many moons go by. Sloan is using good judgment in matching him and watching him closely. Tod will take his protege to the Pacific Coast in August or September.

The Disabled War Veterans and the American Legion Posts are getting into the boxing game



Pete "Sailor" Byron, who claims the lightweight championship of New England

stronger all the time. There are numerous organizations throughout the mountain districts that are holding shows regularly with quite a bit of success.



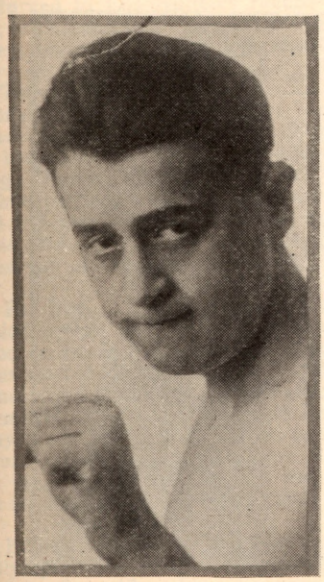
Lew Paluso, a Columbia University law student who is paying his way through college by fighting the country's leading bantams

CHICAGO BOXING NOTES

By ART WINCH

After a much needed rest, Charlie White, the Windy City left hook artist, has resumed training for a series of matches. He is in hopes of a return engagement with Rocky Kansas. White feels very bitter towards Kansas for taking his $2,500 for being only twelve ounces over the weight limit in their Garden bout, as White during his entire career has not taken a single forfeit, despite the fact that of the following men he met, Jack Britton, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Harvey Thorpe, Ever Hammer, Bobzy Barrett, Matt Wells, Jimmy Duffy and Young Brown, several were overweight. In their next encounter, White hopes not only to retrieve his honors, but to make matters mighty rocky for the man who beat him in the Garden.

Harold Smith, Chicago's sensational bantamweight, who in the past two years has defeated every boy he has boxed, among them Eddie Anderson, Bud Taylor, Jimmy Kelly, Battling Chink, Pal Moore, Champ Ross, Johnny Sheppard and Herbie Schaeffer, is in demand here by all the local promoters. Smith is after a match with Joe Lynch, but the champion does not want to meet him. Matchmaker Jim Mullen wired Lynch for a date with Smith, offering, him good terms, but Eddie Mead wired back that Lynch will not make weight for Smith.



Irving Marder, a lower East Side youth of New York City who has a chip on his shoulder for all flyweights

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Bud Taylor, the little Terre Haute wildcat, who has been in the hospital with blood poisoning, has recovered. Taylor had to call off two bouts, one with Johnny Sheppard at Indianapolis and one with Pancho Villa at Milwaukee. We would like to see Taylor pitted with Villa or the new champion, Genaro. What a fight either of these would be! It would be worth miles to see.

Eddie Kane and Eddie Long have added Eddie Welsh of South Bend, Ind., to their list of fighters. Welsh is one of the best looking youngsters around here. He is 21 years old and weighs 148 pounds. He has had thirty-four fights, fifteen of which he has won by knockouts. Welsh is matched to box Buddy McDonald at Minneapolis and Johnny Tillman at South Bend, Ind., this month.

Kane and Long also announce they may add a couple of more stars to their outfit, a middleweight and a light-heavyweight. If these two are landed they will have, along with Gibbons, Mandell, Taylor and Welsh, the greatest array of talent in the West. All they need to fill out the different divisions is a first-class lightweight, which they may soon land.

Howard Carr, proprietor of Kid Howard's gymnasium here, was acquitted by a jury after trial on charge of violating the Illinois anti-prize fight law. Carr was arrested on complaint of investigators of the Law and Order League, who charged him with conducting boxing bouts in his gym for which an admission was charged. The twelve citizens of Chicago, "good men and true," who found Carr not guilty, are convinced that the laws governing boxing in Illinois are either unconstitutional or need amending. The result of the case is regarded as a victory for the promoters of boxing in this city.

Andre Anderson, the Adonis of the heavyweights, is fighting himself into tip-top shape. Andre has had two fights with big Farmer Lodge, whom he beat twice, once in Duluth, Minn., and again at East Chicago. Anderson has taken the boxing game seriously now and will soon be among the leaders who are after Dempsey's crown. In his last two fights, Anderson showed the speed of a lightweight and impressed the large crowd by the speed displayed in his movements.

The Ferretti Gym has been purchased by Max Rogers and Frankie Sikora. They bought out Tom Carroll, who is busy with the politicians. The new and old partners are going to install a great deal of new apparatus, such as pulling machines, punching bag platforms, wrist machines, and two more shower baths. They intend to make it the leading gym in the West.

Patsy Flannigan's manager, Joe Keefe, is up in arms because another battler is using the same name around New York and getting beat regularly. Keefe will bring his case up before the National Boxing Association, as he has already sent the facts to the New York Commission, and so far the board has not touched the matter. Keefe states that it is Patsy's real name and that it will ruin his fighting Irishman's reputation, which he so cleverly earned in his great contests with Joe Burman, Harold Smith and Eddie Anderson.

Frankie Osner, the Tulsa bantamweight, started a winner under the management of his new manager, Joe Keefe, when he defeated Frankie Scherer at the Elk's last month in Chicago. Keefe has also Kid Banty, St. Louis featherweight, who has won every bout since coming here. Banty has boxed all the leading boys in the country, such as Johnny Dundee, George Chaney, Benny Valger and others.

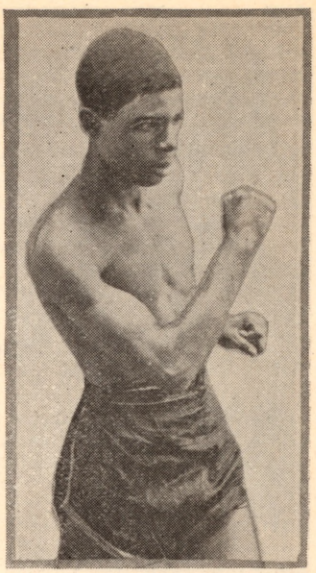
Matchmaker John McMahon, who is matchmaker for several clubs in Chicago, has taken over the management of Rocky Joyce, Battling Chink, Henry Melchoir, Mike Snyder, Ray Miller. These boys are getting plenty of work which keeps them busy training every day.

Derby Kelly was made a matchmaker for the Giles Amerigan Legion Post, which will hold boxing matches every two weeks. Managers and boxers who want work around Chicago can get in touch with Kelly at 6235 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Babe Asher, A. E. F. bantamweight champion, returned from his Western tour, during which he had five fights, winning every one of them. He will start in training soon, and will be ready to box the best of them. He has placed himself under the management of Derby Kelly, who one time was manager of Johnny O'Leary, former lightweight champion of Canada.

Frankie Garcia, formerly of Los Angeles and now of Chicago, is going great guns at present and is now being heralded as the successor to the crown which now adorns the grizzled brow of Johnny Kilbane. Joining the rank of the local colony of pugs last August, Garcia has done all that could be asked of any one fighter.

Being just a kid, little Garcia has waded through the best feathers in the West, for he has defeated such sterling little performers as Jack Eile, Stewart McLean and Sammy Mandell. He also handed Marty Collins of New York a terrific lacing last January.



Clifford Ross, of Trinidad. Rose is the lightweight champion of the British West Indies

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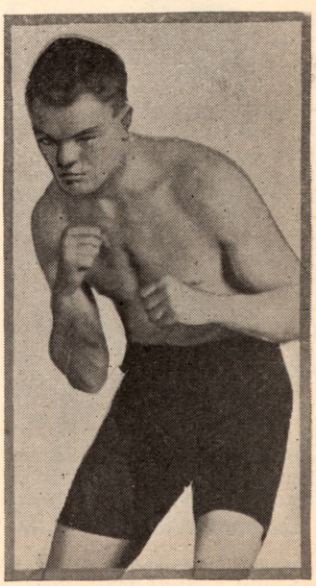
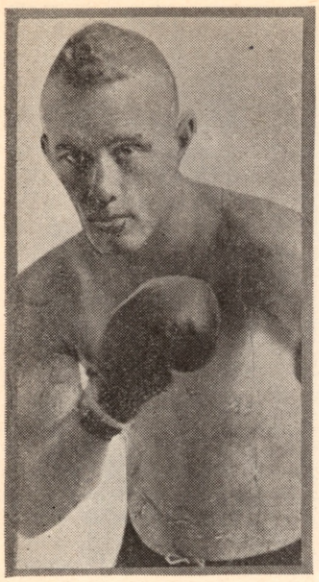
Since his victory over Sammy Mandell, Garcia has been in great demand and is being sought by the Milwaukee, Omaha and many local promoters. He will be seen in action again soon with Eddie Anderson, the former Arizona cowboy.

The sportsmen of Chicago have organized. More than 100 of them are bona fide members of the Chicago Chapter of the National Sports Alliance which was formed on February 24 at a conference composed of business and professional men, at the Arcade Gymnasium.

A general call was issued to every citizen in Chicago who was interested in clean sports and who was willing to further the interest of boxing, both amateur and professional, and the organization resulted from this assembly. The organization will



Vic McLaughlin, the Fighting Irishman of New York City. He weighs 160 pounds



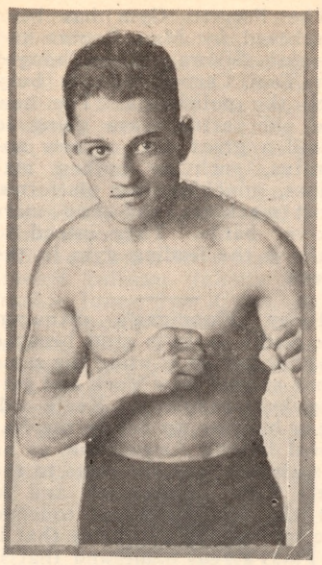
Dugout Johnson, lightweight champion of the U. S. Army. Johnson has a fine record. He shoots 'em across with either hand

incorporate under the laws of the State of Illinois.

Howard Carr, owner of the Arcade Gym, voluntarily acted as spokesman at the recent sportsmen's conference, and explained that athletics, especially boxing, were sadly lacking in organization and appealed to his audience for suggestions which might be helpful in advancing the cause of the manly art and to complete a body that would be willing to fight for a boxing bill when the legislature assembles in April.

Jim Mullen, local promoter, told of the advantages of clean athletics and the benefit that the American youth had derived from the boxing sport within the last four or five years.

In speaking of the boxing bill, the prominent promoter stated that the time was ripe for a spirited fight for the measure; that he had proven to the ministerial



Larry Goldberg, a New York bantamweight who holds a verdict over Irish Johnny Curtin

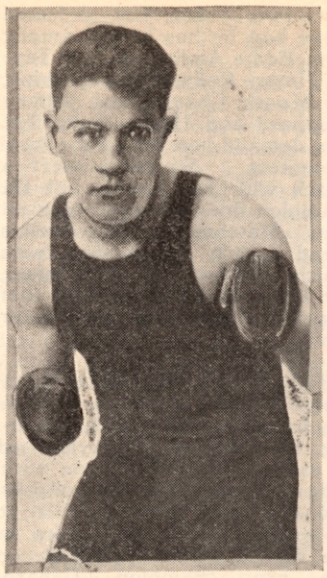
representatives and members of the Chicago Law and Order League that boxing was not a violation of the State statutes, and that the reform leaders, knowing public sentiment was against them, expressed willingness to compromise in their fight against boxing and agree to a four-round bill permitting amateur bouts.

Jim Mullen was elected temporary president; Dave Barry, former bantamweight boxer, vice-president; Tom Walsh, secretary, and Howard Carr, treasurer.

Since the initial meeting many new members have joined and within the next month the chapter hopes to have an enrollment of 250 to 300 members.

CALIFORNIA GOSSIP
By GEORGE HUSSEY

Boxing at San Jose will take a short vacation. Announcement was made by Steve Nyland, the macthmaker of the club, to this effect. The club has

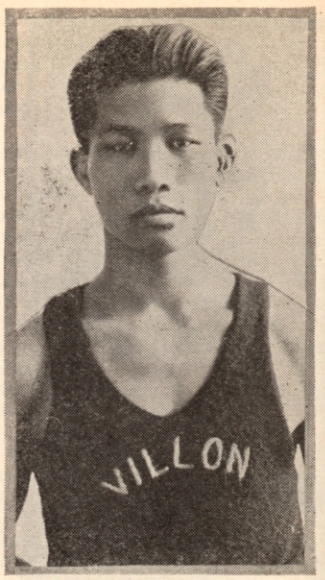


Kid Dube, featherweight champion of Canada who is eager to meet Johnny Dundee

been a great success this season. At the last show staged at this club, the largest crowd of the season witnessed the bouts, and it is little wonder that they can rest a week.

Since starring at the Dreamland Rink, Tim Callaghan, the auburn-haired youth who is under the management of Frank Kendall, has lost only one decision, that being to Terry McBride. Last week Callaghan defeated Jack Russo, the veteran lightweight, who has fought all of the leading men in his division.

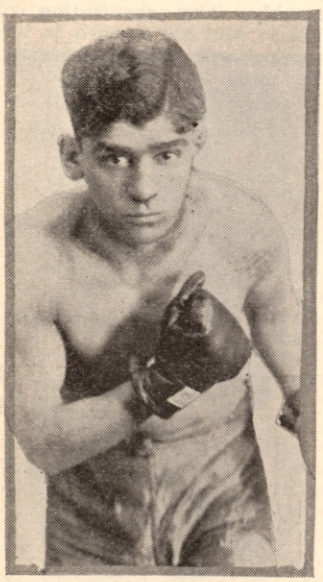
Joe Harn, a local lad and a pupil of "Spider" Roach, is a boy that will bear watching. Harn is a youngster just breaking into the game, having had only six fights in his whole career. Right now Harn has one of the prettiest left jabs on the Coast, and Roach has him in the gym every day and illustrates the different blows and how they should be used successfully.



Marcario Villon, featherweight champion of The Orient. Philippine scribes rate him the equal of Pancho Villa

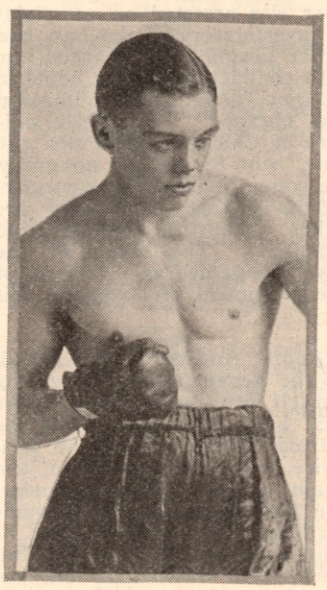
Joe Coffey, the Mission lightweight, returned from Los Angeles the other day. Coffey had nothing to say outside of wanting another chance at Frankie McCann. The little missionite intends working hard for the next two weeks or so in the gymnasium and then will ask Tommy Simpson for a trial, presumably with McCann.

Sol Seaman, the crack New York junior lightweight, who has been spending the past four months here, is a revelation to local fight fans. Solly is by far the best little fellow the Coast has seen in action in many moons. His style is that of a finished boxer; his aggressiveness earns him many friends, and his cleverness and hitting ability make him the best attraction here. Solly is feared by almost all of the Coast's stars. He expects soon to go back East.

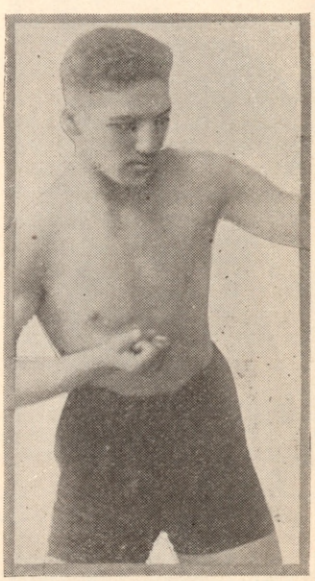


Corporal Schwartz, a West Side boy of New York City who has a splendid record in National Guard fights

Terry Martin, crack Providence bantam who has a splendid record. He ranks among top notchers



Tod Morgan, a San Francisco featherweight who is piling up a good record in four-round bouts



Danny Coogan, a Canadian featherweight who has been doing well in Montreal bouts

Phil Salvadore, Leo P. Flynn's junior lightweight, is showing considerable skill. Phil has been coming along at a fast pace and may soon again be heading among the leaders of his division.

The announcement that Jim Jeffries is broke came as a shock to his many Coast friends. Jim is one of the most liked veterans of the ring who ever made his home on the Coast. Although a bankrupt, Jeffries is far from being in want. He had a beautiful home which belongs to his wife and at least he is assured, come what may, of a place to sleep in comfortably for the rest of his life.

Leach Cross, former New York dentist, is doing well in business here.

Joe Benjamin, the best lightweight on the Coast, is busy making preparations for a trip South. Charley McDonald, who returned to Los Angeles recently, has matched Benjamin to meet some good boys at Vernon.

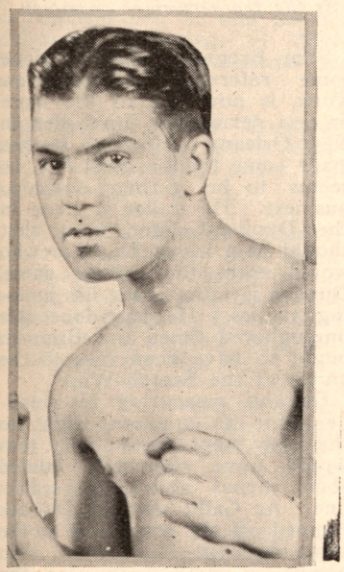
Tommy Gardner, Frank Tabor's heavyweight prospect, is back in the gym working after a bad case of ptomaine poisoning. Tommy lost some weight while he was laid up, but says he will gain back what he lost in due time. He is full of pep and desirous of getting into action.

Pat Boyle, the hard punching middleweight, who was a sensation across the bay a while back, has started training again. Boyle underwent an operation for the removal of his appendix, and he says he is feeling fine. If he can work himself back into shape, it is possible that he will be seen in action around here once again.

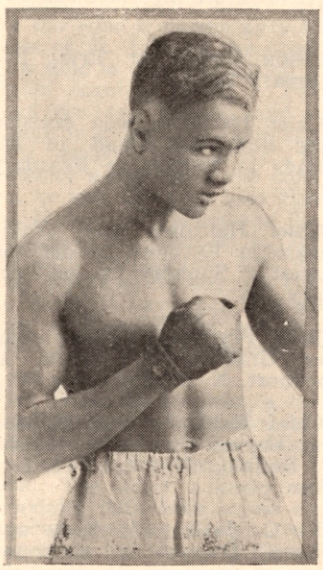
Eddie Diggins, the former Olympic Club boy, is coming along just like his manager, Johnny Nerget, predicted. Nerget said that in a short time Diggins would be one of the best lightweights in the four round game. Eddie defeated Eddie White at the National Hall recently.

Mel Coogan, the Eastern lightweight, recently returned from a successful trip from Australia. Coogan was in the best of shape when he landed here, for he had been training on the boat all the way over. He immediately was matched to meet Young Carman and the two battled a fast four round draw.

Teddy Seidman is another Easterner who is making a great hit in the four round game. He is a bantamweight who has been fighting preliminary battles here for the time being, but is bound to do better with the boxing he is displaying right now. Seidman was on the same card with Coogan and also engaged in a lively draw with Jimmy Callaghan.



Joe Boyle, Chicago's crack little flyweight who is hot on the trail of Pancho Villa and Frankie Genero



Young Dudley, a Coast welterweight who gets into the four-round game in 'Frisco frequently

BUFFALO NOTES

By HUGH SHANNON

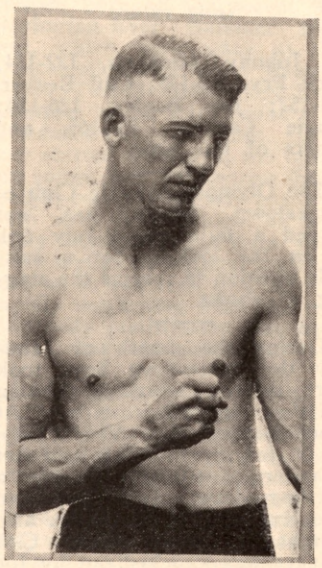
Buffalo fans were overjoyed at the decisive victory of Rocky Kansas over Charlie White, and they are now speculating as to what the prospects are for another Leonard-Kansas championship bout. They believe that Kansas would have an excellent chance with the lightweight champion if Benny were to do 135 pounds again.

Kansas was met at the New York Central Depot by a band and several hundred friends when he came back from New York. The little Italian was given an ovation when he was introduced at the boxing show in the Auditorium the following night.

Manager Dan Rogers says he has an offer from New York for Kansas to box Friedman, and also to box Lew Tendler in Philadelphia in the open air. It is doubtful if Kansas will do much boxing until he appears in New York again, where he is very popular.

Tommy Ryan is going on high speed towards the bantamweight championship. Ryan recently won the referee's decision over Irish Johnny Curtin in Providence and also walloped Harry London. Tommy followed this up by really knocking out Larry Goldberg in the eighth round at Providence, but Goldberg hollered foul and Ryan gave him another chance and an artistic beating. The Providence papers panned the referee unmercifully for calling the fight a draw and the club management had to let him out.

On March 1, at McKeesport, Pa., Ryan shaded Abe Goldstein in a great bout. The McKeesport News, the only paper in the town, gave Ryan the verdict. Ryan was leading by a city block until the tenth round, when he ran into a terrific right hand, being badly shook up. It was pure carelessness on his part and it nearly cost him the fight. He had given Goldstein a real beating up until this time. The boys will meet again as several clubs are bidding for their services.



Tommy O'Brien, of Milwaukee, a lightweight who is showing considerable ability in Western bouts

Frankie Schoell keeps winning fights. He beat Billy Wells in Wilkesbarre and Morrie Schlaiffer in Omaha. He boxed Wells again on February 20 at Omaha and may box Jack Oakes, negro star, in Buffalo soon. Schoell is hot on the trail of Dave Shade for another match, but Shade has not yet agreed to meet him. Schoell won the first fight from Shade in Buffalo while Shade was awarded the decision in the next one at Omaha.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

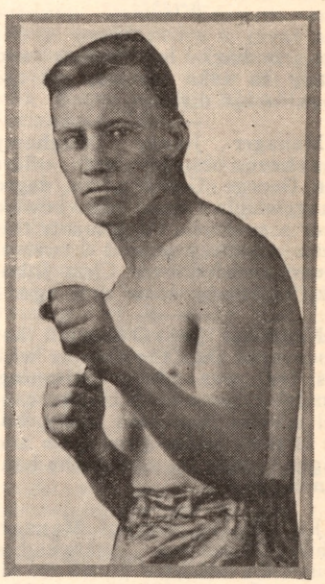
(The North American)

Joe Smith, manager of Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia clever light-heavyweight, has mapped out an ambitious spring schedule for his protege. Loughran showed in his three fights with Harry Greb that he has plenty of class. Smith recently added Johnny Donnelly, the former Uniontown, Pa., lightweight, to his stable.

Danny Kramer, the southpaw bantamweight, since coming back to Manager Phil Glassman, has been stepping along at a snappy pace. Kramer took a tour to the Pacific Coast during the summer and fall and engaged in a number of four-round bouts.

Although Eddie (Kid) Wagner was bothered with a badly split lip, it did not interfere with his regular schedule of bouts being carried out, and Manager "Boo Boo" Hoff's battler continues to turn in victories.

Johnny Mealey, the popular local lightweight, has shaken off the hoodoo that kept him inactive for awhile. After being on the sidelines with an injured hand he was laid up with pneumonia for several weeks.



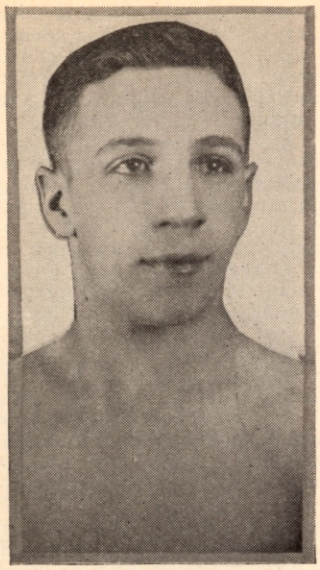
Paddy McNulty, a jolly tar who holds the featherweight championship of the U. S. Navy

Charles Carideo, who looks after Ray Mitchell, Philadelphia's clever lightweight, is anxious to send his star against any of the boys in his class. Mitchell wants a crack at Lew Tendler when Lew's hand improves sufficiently to enable him to get back in the ring, and in the meantime is eager to get a bout with Rocky Kansas, Pal Moran, Alex Hart or any of the lightweights.

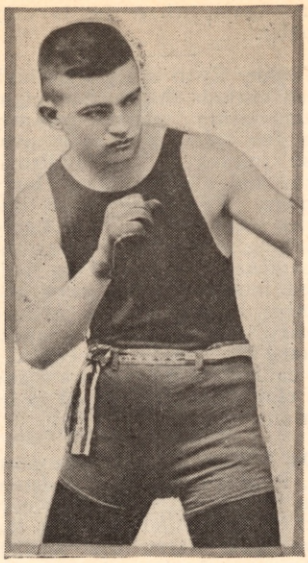
Johnny Krause, although a veteran in the Quaker City rings, plans a busy campaign. He has been kept busy all winter, meeting Duser Kelly and a number of other rivals.

Danny Gordon, the Nicetown welterweight, has been training diligently. He is well liked by Quaker fans.

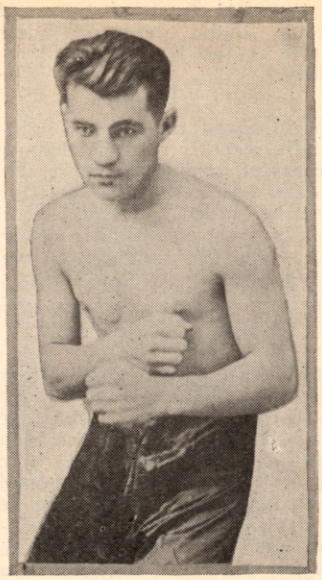
Joe Reno, the clever Trenton lightweight, who injured his arm in the bout with Joe Tiplitz in a Philadelphia ring several months



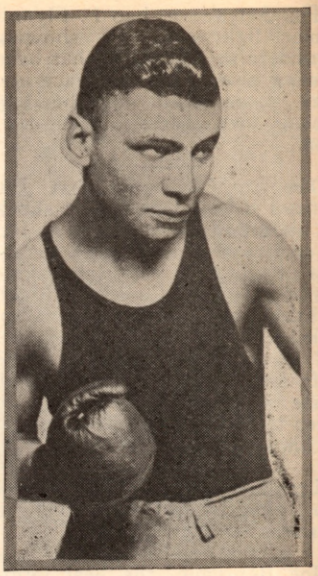
Willie Mack, of New York City. A 115-pounder who aspires to lofty heights



Joe Denny, of Wilmington, Delaware, a welterweight with a promising future



Young Mack, a bantamweight who is rated ace high in Canada



Bobby. Garcia, a khaki-dressed battler of Uncle Sam's Army. He is the featherweight champion

ago, is back in harness and ready to take on any of the boys in his division.

Manager Jimmy Dougherty has been besieged with offers for George Godfrey, his negro heavyweight, who has bowled over a number of opponents this year. Godfrey gained a twelve-round decision over Clem Johnson in Albany some time ago.

Knockout Joe O'Donnell has discovered that the trouble with his foot was blood poisoning. An infection caused him to cancel several important bouts, but he is back in the gym again and eager to take on any of the bantamweights.

Joe Tiplitz, one of Manager Phil Glassman's lightweights, found his old-time punch in his recent bout with Happy Mahoney in Brooklyn, when he finished the latter. Glassman has a number of Western offers for "Yusil," but will groom him for some big open-air bouts in the East.

Russell Mitchell, a 150-pound colored boxer from New York, has invaded Philadelphia, seeking action with any of the boys of his weight.

"Doc" Cutch, who formerly handled Champion Pete Herman and Patsy Wallace, has formed a partnership with Pete Moran. They have garnered together quite a stable of nifty punchers, including Bobby Wolgast, Billy Pimpus, Jack Palmer and a new heavyweight, whose name Cutch has not yet disclosed.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE GOSSIP

Jamestown boxers are making good throughout the state and are well in demand. Tommy Moore, the local manager, seems to keep his boys busy and in condition to take matches on short notice.

The boys now in Moore's stable are Chief Halftown, 155-158; Jack Vascher, 152-155; K. O. Johnny Michaels, 122-124; Jack Pry, 142-145; Cliff Becker, 148-152; Joe Bagley, 126-130; Augie Carlson, 158-165, and others of less note.

The Olympic Athletic Club of Jamestown, which has not staged a fight since July 3rd, is on the lookout for a suitable location to resume the staging of shows.

During the month of January the Jamestown boys took part in the following boxing matches in other cities: At Rochester on New Year's Day, K. O. Johnny Michaels and Art Wander of Buffalo fought a rattling draw. Jack Pry and Joe Russell of Philadelphia also fought a draw, while Cliff Becker was knocked out by Joe Conrad in two rounds of the most sensational bout on the card.

At Erie, Pa., on the same day Jimmy Cauvel and Joe Bagley, both boys under Tommy Moore's management, put up good no decision bouts against Chick Rivers and Young Modzy. At Johnstown, Pa., on January 8th, Chief Halftown and Jackie Clarke fought 10 rounds in a no decision bout.

On January 15th at Meadville, Pa., Jack Lewis fought Earl Krotzer an 8-round draw. Lewis hails from Mt. Jewett, Pa., and fought under Tommy Moore's management.

On January 22nd at Rochester Cliff Becker and Charlie Brandt of Pittsburgh fought a six-round draw.

On January 30th, at Buffalo, K. O. Johnny Michaels and Patsy Johnson of Syracuse fought six slashing rounds to a draw.

During the month of February the boxers under Moore's management have fought in the following cities to date:

K. O. Johnny Michaels and Louis D'Arco in 10-round, no-decision contest at Erie, Pa., February 2nd.

Chief Halftown won decision over Roy McFarland in six rounds at Buffalo on February 5th.

Chief Halftown and Wallie Hinkle in 10-round, no-decision contest at Sunbury Pa., on February 7th.

Jack Pry won decision over Ray Graham, 10 rounds, at Lockport, N. Y., February 9th.

Chief Halftown won decision over Harvey Thorpe, 10 rounds, at Buffalo, N. Y., February 12th.

K. O. Johnny Michaels and Johnny Dwyer in six-round draw at Buffaalo, N. Y., February 12th.

Jack Vascher and Sammy Ciminelli of Youngstown in eight-round, no-decision bout at Meadville, Pa., February 15th.

Kid Chicago and Harry Dolan in four-round, no-decision bout at Meadville, Pa., February 15th.

GOSSIP FROM THE SOUTH

By MAL McGILVERY

Johnny Dundee, the wizard of the ring, made a mighty welcome return to New Orleans last month and against Young Galiano, Crescent City battler, showed much of his old-time stuff. It has to be confessed that the junior champion started off slower than was his wont and for that reason the homester captured the points in the initial four rounds. Too anxious to secure the match against such an opponent as Dundee, the Native Son signed to make 133 pounds. This low poundage weakened him and he lost his "pep" at the half way mark, allowing Dundee to get out in front. Gally made a wonderful recovery as the battle waged on. The draw verdict was a pleasing one.

Slim Brennan, who has done some refereeing around New York, is now one of the more or less permanent third men in New Orleans. Although he has made some terrible mistakes, he seems to be getting down to business. He pulled a bone in the Dundee-Galiano bout that should be a lesson to those who would enter the referee game. Dundee is famous for his jumping tactics. He has done this unnumbered times and Brennan ought to have been wise to the antics of the Scotch-Wop.

Galiano, measuring his opponent for an apparent right to the body, shot the delivery that would have ordinarily landed some inches above the waistline. As Gally shot, so Dundee jumped off the ropes and at the same moment leaped up. No power on earth could stop the blow which went low. Galiano was cautioned for hitting low! The wise old Dundee could hardly repress a smile as he watched Brennan reprimand the youngster.

Charters are being granted in various centers throughout Louisiana and according to President Dick Burke of the B. B. A. (Richard is also secretary of the state commission), the game looks to be in for a banner year.

Texas, our adjoining commonwealth, is in a boxing slump following the edict from those in high places that boxing—or as the statute terms it, "prize-fighting"—is very much under the ban. Houston, next to Dallas, one of the busiest sporting centers of the great state, is "dead" so far as big shows are concerned, although the Sam Houston Post of the American Legion, has received permission from the local authorities to stage amateur and semi-amateur shows from time to time. It is whispered that the game may start up again after the legislature at present sitting at Austin goes for its lengthy sleep.

Dallas had been erased from the fistic map for some time, although endeavors were made to

pull off some matches. The "Nay, nay, Pauline" sign was prominently displayed, however, and the promoters, like the Arab in the bedtime story, folded their tents and silently stole away.

Fort Worth, Tex., once the stronghold of the leather-pushing sport, is now so far out in the cold that it would require heavy postage to locate those who formerly operated.

It is a safe bet that had there been any sort of cooperation between the dozen or so promoters of Texas, a state boxing bill would be in force at this time. Want of harmony, greed of gold and personal bitter feelings all resulted in the bill being killed at the previous legislature by a small margin.

BOXING IN MAINE
By CHARLES TURNER

Phila Joe Stanley is now making his home in Lewiston, where he is popular with the fans. In his reappearance, he sent Swede McDonald, a protege of Wild Bill Fleming, to dreamland in two rounds.

Al Taylor, popular Portland manager, has taken Eddie Murphy, a lightweight, under his management.

Jimmy (Kid) Rice of Portland, who stopped Johnny Fox, Zuzu Zirelli and K. O. Tardiff in his last three starts, is a hard man to get an opponent for of late. All the boys in New England are sidetracking him.

Portland, Me., looms up as the best boxing town in New England. The recent Jeff Smith-Jamaica Kid bout drew over $5,000 gate.

Tom Walsh of Portland has taken Joe Gibbs under his management as well as representing Leo Flynn's stable in northern New England. Walsh in former years was promoting boxing in Rhode Island.

Billy DeFoe, veteran featherweight, is going better than ever. In his last four starts in New England he knocked out Dick Russell, K. O. Leroux and easily outpointed Joe Curry and Harry Carlson.

Bing Conley, Lewiston middleweight, is training faithfully. Conley looks like the best prospect in New England to take away Johnny Wilson's crown.

Terry Martin of Providence made a great hit with the Portland fans at the Eastern A. C. last show, when he walloped Teddy Joyce of Toronto all over the ring. It was Martin's second fight in as many days. He easily defeated Jack Hausner in New York.

Fighting Clukey, Lewiston heavyweight, has given up the boxing game after three unsuccessful starts, and is back to work again in the mills.

A new heavyweight prospect looms up in the person of Elton Bean. In eight professional fights he has won seven via the K. O. route.

EASTERN CANADA NOTES
By OBSERVER

The city boxing commission of St. John, N. B., has been relieved of its duties by Mayor Fisher of that city. This commission was really a liability to boxing in St. John, and the members should never have been appointed. Mayor Fisher was waiting patiently for the members to resign, but evidently hints could not induce them, so radical action was necessary. Under the rule of this commission bloomers had bee nthrust on the public repeatedly and the commission seemed to be responsible for almost wrecking boxing in St. John. Licenses were given haphazardly. Irresponsible persons were allowed to injure the sport in St. John. Let us hope the game will now obtain a fresh start.

Johnny McIntyre didn't have any too wide a margin over Kid Paris of St. John in the boxing show held in that city during the winter carnival week. Paris went the ten rounds, and although in a bad way once, came back strong. McIntyre will probably never be in the condition he was when he beat Howard McRae of Boston and Tom Barrett of St. John in St. John and drew at Houlton, Me., with Billy Myers of Boston and Tommy Early of Lawrence, and also drew at Presque Isle, Me., with Cleveland Johnny Downes.

Joe Irvine of St. John, a middleweight and light-heavyweight, was handed a surprise package in Machine Gun Smith of St. John. The latter, a lanky middleweight, with little or no ring experience, hit Irvine with everything but the roof, the referee stopping the bout to save Irvine from the undertaker. Irvine was in poor shape, but he threatens to condition himself with the object of wrecking the Machine Gun.

Everett McGowan of St. Paul, professional speed skater, who has been competing against Art Staff of Chicago, Bobby McLean of New York, Ed Lamy of Saranac Lake, N. Y., and Norval Baptie of Bathgate, N. D., in speed skating meets in eastern Canada, indoor and outdoor, may meeet Johnny McIntyre of St. John, Sydney and Glace Bay, in St. John. McGowan was a pupil of Mike Gibbons, the St. Paul Phantom, and boxed a number of times in St. Paul. McGowan says he would be willing to make 150 pounds for McIntyre.

Roy Chisholm and Nedder Healey, the best of the Halifax ring products, are rusting for lack of action. The ban is still on the game in Halifax because of some questionable happenings. Chisholm and Healey are ready battlers, and through no fault of theirs they are deprived of an opportunity to show their wares in their home town. The innocent pay for the acts of the guilty.

Al Hogan of St. John, amateur lightweight champion of the maritime provinces, will have to watch his step, since Young Kennedy, a seventeen-year-old schoolboy, handed Hogan a decisive licking. Kennedy walloped Hogan all over the ring for three rounds and then the judges ordered an extra round, evidently thinking the youngster would flop in the fourth from exertion. But he fooled them. An Irishman from Donegal who was in the audience and heard the announcer introduce Hogan, fell into a swoon, after taking a slant at Hogan.

Roddie McDonald, the veteran Glace Bay middleweight and light-heavyweight, is working on a coal steamer plying between Louisburg, N. S., and St. John.

DETROIT NEWS
By H. GOLDBERG

The boxing game suffered a relapse here at the recent Sid Barbarian-Ever Hammer contest, which took place at the Danceland arena, when Referee Harry Tuthill disqualified Ever Hammer in the sixth round of a scheduled ten round bout. Hammer started butting in the opening round, and the Detroit lightweight received a nasty cut over both eyes from which he was badly handicapped. Ever used these tactics throughout the contest, as it was seen that he was rapidly weakening from the terrific body punishment that Barbarian was administering.

In the sixth round, which, by the way, proved to be the last, Sid, realizing the condition that he had the Chicago boy in, tore into his opponent, anticipating a knockout. Hammer continually clinched and after being warned several times by the referee for using his head, he was sent to his corner.

Boxing Commissioner Charles Campau, at a meeting which was held the following day, fined Hammer $1,000, which was donated to several charitable organizations. This is one of the commissioner's latest ideas of making out-of-town boxers give the fans an up-and-up run for their money.

The Lenox Athletic Club staged the boxing classic of the season on March 5, when K. O. Chaney was awarded the newspaper decision over Bobby Ward. This was Chaney's first appearance in this city and he more than lived up to advance notices from the East. In the early rounds Ward scored frequently with straight lefts and rights to the face, and looked to have a shade on the Baltimore boy at the end of the third. Chaney was the aggressor and kept on top of his opponent, and Ward slowed up somewhat under the heavy bombardment to the body. In the closing rounds Chaney was trying to annex his 90 knockout.

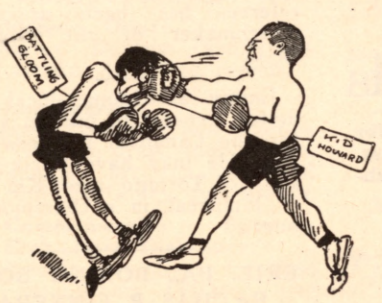
Darky Griffin, Sammy Pearlstein's colored bantamweight, will likely be seen in action against one of the topnotchers before the season is over. Darky has defeated practically every good boy of his weight in the Middle West that could be induced to meet him, and a battle between Danny Edwards and Darky would prove a great attraction. Darky is planning an Eastern invasion after his bout with Benny Hall, April 1, at Springfield, Ill.

Jack McAuliffe, local heavyweight, who had to cancel his match with Tommy Gibbons at Madison Square Garden on account of sickness, is gradually recovering. He will take several weeks' rest before starting light training. It is likely that his next appearance will be here on April 9 with Bob Roper or Young Fitzsimmons, under the auspices of the Lenox Athletic Club.

Pete McCluskey, Polish lightweight, who has met all of the lightweights in this vicinity, including Pete Choike, Joe Burton, Paul Mathea, K. O. Jeakle, Frankie Bull, Johnny Lewis and Eddie Franklin. It is rumored that he severed his connections with Joe Sarno and it is likely that he will sign up with Sammy Pearlstein, who is annexing quite a stable of boxers.

Bill Baxter, matchmaker of the Olympia Athletic Club, is sure a hard luck promoter. He had Sailor Freedman matched to box Barbarian and this match would have drawn a capacity house, but

When in Chicago



Out - of - town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

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for some unknown reason Freedman cancelled the match. Baxter would like to know why it is that Freedman and boys of that caliber are always trying to induce Leonard to meet them, and still refuse to meet the Detroit boy.

Arlos Fanning, Kansas City lightweight, is at present making Detroit his home and has issued a challenge to any of the 133-135-pounders. Fanning has referee decisions over Pal Moran (2), Ever Hammer, Ned Fitzgerald, Otto Wallace and has newspaper verdicts over Pete Hartley, Mel Coogan, Harvey Thorpe, etc.

Tommy Walsh, Chicago promoter, is trying to secure a bout with Sid Barbarian before one of the local clubs on behalf of his protege, Bud Christiano. Already Columbus promoters are negotiating for this match and it is likely that Harry Sully, the Columbus promoter, will secure the bout, as both boys are good cards in the Ohio city.

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MONTREAL NOTES
By AL LEWIS

The best attendance in months was seen at the Olympic A. C. for the card arranged on Feb. 23 by Alex Moore. The main bout was between Moe Herscovitch and Bert Schneider. The last time they met Moe won by a knockout in three rounds, but Bert was the winner this time.

The semi-final between Joe Burns and Georges Girardin was a sizzler, with Burns getting a popular decision. Both boys were given a big hand at the finish. Kid Roy, a fast improving boy, knocked out Mike Cleary, of Syracuse, in the second with a crashing stomach punch. Cleary twice took the count of nine in the first.

Burns and Girardin after their slashing bout at the previous show were again the headliners on March 9. Burns won when Girardin would not leave his corner for the seventh round, claiming a broken hand. The commission's doctors examined him and sustained his contention. Burns had a slight shade at the time, although he was knocked down but took no count.

Kid Roy beat Young Rogers, of Albany, in the ten-round semi-final. Rogers took an awful beating, but was game to the core and would not back up. Gene Demers, of Montreal, won the opening ten-rounder from Billy Baker, a corking good infighter from England.

Just to show that previous knockouts against them mean nothing, except in their records, Bert Schneider and Joe Burns both defeated their opponents.

Manager Raoul Godbout now claims two Canadian titles for his proteges, the welterweight championship for Bert Schneider and the featherweight title for Kid Roy.

After a long layoff of four months, due to a fracture of the metacarpal bone of his right hand, received in one of his latter bouts, Sammy Pierce, local bantam, is ready to swing into action again with any of the 118 to 122-pounders.

Benny Cohen, popular local referee, has been appointed matchmaker of the Olympic A. C.

Jimmy McKimmie, local promoter, expects to put up a belt for the Canadian featherweight title. He may have Curly Wilshur, of Toronto, meet Kid Roy, of Montreal, in a championship bout.

ERIE, PA., BOXING BOUTS
By CHAS. R. FINNERAN

Phil Bloom and Vincent Pokorni met in a sensational twelve round match before the Olympic A. C. on Feb. 16. Pokorni had the better of the early rounds, but Bloom finished strong and more than held his own during the last few rounds. He opened a cut over Vincent's left eye in the twelvth round which greatly handicapped the Clevelander. The fight was the cleanest and fastest that has ever taken place in this city; both boys fought every inch of the way with little or no clinching.

The Bloom-Pokorni match followed three very poor shows and the attendance was not up to the standard. As to the winner, opinions were divided, a great many thought that Bloom deserved the decision, while others opined that Vincent was the winner. In the writer's opinion a draw would have been the right verdict. The other bouts on the card were also good. Dixie Davis, the "Ohio String Bean," knocked out Ray Richmond of this city in the sixth round of a hard fought battle. Polly Glendore, the local bantam, pulled the surprise of the night by stopping Pewee Jones, the crack Cleveland 116-pounder, in the preliminary, and Young Moski and Young Kubiak, both of this city, put up a great fight in the curtain raiser. All in all, the show was the best ever staged in this city.

Chubby Brown, the Rochester lightweight, and the veteran, Tony Zill, of Youngstown O., fought twelve uninteresting rounds before the Erie A. C., at the Erie Arena, on Feb. 23. The bout was very tame throughout, neither boxer being damaged to any extent. Zill went good until the sixth round and then went to pieces. Brown seemed to hit at will from the sixth to the finish. A large crowd was in attendance.

Tim Droney, the rugged Lancaster, Pa., lightweight, won the newspaper decision over Vincent Pokorni, of Cleveland, in the twelve-round main event of the Erie A. C. on Mar. 2. Pokorni did most of the leading, using a left jab and a right cross.

Bryan Downey, Jimmy Dunn's middleweight championship contender, will be seen in action in an Erie ring in the near future. Downey.

V. D. Eichenlaub, owner of the Erie Arena, is contemplating the erection of an open-air arena that will accommodate five thousand people. According to present plans, the new arena will be of the bowl type, with the ring in the center of the structure. If Eichenlaub goes through with his plans Erie fight fans will be able to enjoy the weekly boxing programs the whole year round.

WRESTLING BOUTS
FEBRUARY

6—Portland, Ore.:
Mike Yodel beat Oscar Butler, one hour twenty-seven minutes.

6—Bloomington, Ill.:
Joe Stecher beat Paul Martinson straight falls.
Paul Prehn beat Cy Martin, straight falls.

13—Salt Lake City:
Johnny Meyers defeated Mike Yodel, straight falls.

15—Kansas City:
Strangler Ed Lewis beat Tootie Joe Mondt, two falls.

15—Los Angeles:
Ted Thye defeated Tony Alex, straight falls.

20—Chicago, Ill.:
Renato Gardini beat Dick Daviscourt, 1 hour, 22 minutes.

20—St. Louis, Mo.:
Ed (Strangler) Lewis beat Jim Londos two out of three falls.

20—San Francisco:
Yussif Hussane beat Tom Draak, two out of three falls.
Ted Thye and Al Karrasick, draw, one hour.

28—Portland, Ore.:
Ted Thye defeated Pete Sauer, two out of three falls.

MARCH

1—Los Angeles:
Ad Santel defeated George Vassell in straight falls.
Walter Miller beat Basanta Hindu, straight falls.

9—71st Regiment Armory, New York City:
Georges Calza defeated Charley Cutler, 53 min., 30 sec.
John Kilonis defeated Charley Marshall, 12 min., 50 sec.
Joe Turner beat Jimmy Demetral, 15 min., 10 sec.
Ernst Seigfried beat Hassen Ali, 10 min., 15 sec.
John Kilois and Joe Turner, 20 minute draw.

7—Los Angeles:
Johnny Meyers defeated Abe Ladjini, straight falls.

7—St. Louis, Mo.:
Ed Strangler Lewis defeated Dan Koloff, straight falls.

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Results of Boxing Bouts

FEBRUARY

5—Lexington, Ky:
Jimmy Moore beat Young Sam Langford, 12 rounds.
Russell Gillam beat Kid Brown, six rounds.

5—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Chief Halftown beat Roy McFarland, six rounds.

6—Youngstown, O.:
Anthony Downey knocked out Dick Evans, two rounds.

6—Los Angeles:
Danny Nunes beat Young Brown, four rounds.
Tillie (Kid) Herman beat Sailor Larry, four rounds.

6—San Francisco:
Teddy Silva and Johnny Buff, four-round draw.

7—Sunbury, Pa.:
Chief Halftown and Willie Hinkle, 10-round draw.

9—Lockport, N. Y.:
Jack Pry beat Ray Graham, 10 rounds.

10—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Harry Gordon knocked out Danny Edwards, eleven rounds.
Sailor Picaillo knocked out Joe Weber, five rounds.
Cowboy Williams beat Joe Werner, six rounds.

10—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Kestner knocked out Mario Guida, six rounds.
Jack McIntosh knocked out Al Engle, six rounds.
Tommy Butts knocked out Sammy Butts, second round.

10—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Chuck Wiggins knocked out Jim Tracey, 10 rounds.
Izzy Tanner beat Tex Hawes, 10 rounds.

10—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Eddie Martin knocked out Paulie Porter, three rounds.
Nat Pincus beat Lew Goldberg, six rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Young Patronie, four rounds.
Lew Chester and Joe Petros, draw, four rounds.
Al McLuskey beat Sammy Golden, four rounds.
Augie Pisano beat Kid McGuinness, four rounds.
Al Study beat Joe Clifford, four rounds.

12—Salt Lake City:
Benny Garcia knocked out Lee O'Dair, fifth round.

12—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Chief Halftown beat Harvey Thorpe, 10 rounds.
K. O. Johnny Michaels and Johnny Dwyer, six-round draw.

13—San Francisco, Calif.:
Young Papke and Dick Hoppe, draw, four rounds.
Will Oliver beat Charley Hendicks, four rounds.
Ed McGovern knocked out Fritz Hendricks, one round.
Sammy Compagno beat Jack Burns, four rounds.
Harry Baker beat Packey McMullen, four rounds.
Billy Springfield knocked out Young Thompson, two rounds.
"Wop" Manole knocked out Ray Cooper two rounds.
Joe Santos and Ray Smiler, four-round draw.

13—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Bernstein beat Gene Delmont, 12 rounds.
Joe Baker beat Sammy Greenspan, 10 rounds.

13—Wallingford, Conn.:
Charley Pilkington beat Dutch Brandt 12 rounds.

13—Boston, Mass:
Pancho Villa knocked out Frankie Mason, five rounds.
Mike Ballerino beat Billy Fitzsimmons, 10 rounds.
Joe (Hambone) Kelly knocked out Billy Muldoon, one round.

13—Chicago, Ill.:
Jimmy Kelly beat Battling Chink, 10 rounds.

13—Milwaukee:
Pinkey Mitchell beat Johnny Tillman, 10 rounds.
Jimmy Nickel beat Jack Zwick, 10 rounds.

13—Los Angeles:
Bert Colima beat Tillie (Kid) Herman, four rounds.
Al Grunan beat Sammy Mosberg, four rounds.

14—San Francisco:
Sammy Campagno beat Angelo Silva, four rounds.
Jack McDonald knocked out Johnny McFarland, second round.
Earl Force beat Frankie Gomez, four rounds.
Billy Rey beat Art Emery, four rounds.
Johnny Lawson knocked out Mickey Gibbons, fourth round.
Frankie Kelly beat Bobby Gray, four rounds.
Kid Manila and Johnny Russell, four-round draw.

14—Butte, Mont.:
Frankie Darren beat Mike Paulson, 12 rounds.

15—Boston, Mass.:
Sailor Friedman beat Willie Harman, 10 rounds.
Walter Kid Lee beat Mike Mandot, 10 rounds.
Billy Duffy beat Shaver O'Brien, four rounds.

15—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Wildman Gould beat Sandy Taylor, 10 rounds.

15—Omaha, Neb.:
Frankie Schoell beat Morris Schaefer, 10 rounds.
Tony Herman beat Farmer Dodge, 10 rounds.

15—Des Moines:
Ruddy McDonald beat Glen Milligan, six rounds.

15—Minneapolis:
Sammy Mandell beat Eddie Anderson, 10 rounds.
Mickey Forkins beat Dago Joe Gans, 10 rounds.
Johnny Nichols knocked out Ollie Bartlett, four rounds.
Vernie Butler beat Johnny Wilkowski, four rounds.
Battling Chucko beat Frankie Soltis, four rounds.

16—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Carl Tremaine knocked out Johnny Curtin, six rounds.
Danny Lee knocked out Sonny Smith, 10 rounds.
Harry Galfund beat Earl France, six rounds.
Sammy Cohen and Phil Rosenberg, six-round draw.
Red Cap Wilson knocked out Sailor Walters, second round.

16—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Terry Miller won on a foul from Harry Leonard, sixth round.
Corporal Schwartz beat Billy Bell, eight rounds.

16—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Harry Greb beat Young Fisher, 12 rounds.

16—Fall River, Mass.:
Billy Defoe beat Joe Currie, 10 rounds.

16—Scranton, Pa.:
Jimmy Amato beat Leo Leonard, 10 rounds.
Petey Hayes knocked out Joe Jackson, third round.

16—Zanesville, O.:
Jock Malone beat Johnny Herman, 12 rounds.

16—San Francisco:
Tommy Kelly and Racehorse Roberts, four-round draw.
Johnny Farr beat Dandy Dick Griffin, four rounds.
Sunny Jim beat Dynamite George, four rounds.
Danny Sirlos and Jimmy Butler, draw, four rounds.
Ray Neuman and Sailor Roberts, four rounds.
Billy Cordeau knocked out Carlo Giannotti, four rounds.
Terry McBride and Roy Sutherland, four-round draw.
Tom Callaghan and Jack Silver, four-round draw.

16—New Orleans:
Martin Burke beat Jim Tracey, 15 rounds.

16—Eugene, Ore.:
Charley Dawson and Jack Griffin, draw, ten rounds.

16—Los Angeles:
Larry Murphy and Willie O'Brien, draw, four rounds.
Frankie McCann knocked out Joe Coffey, two rounds.

17—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Panama Joe Gans knocked out Jimmy O'Gatty, five rounds.
Larry Esteridge knocked out Charley Arthurs, third round.

17—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Petey Hayes beat Johnny Holmes, 12 rounds.
Al Glory won on a foul from Billy Brown, second round.

17—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Pepper Martin beat Frankie Edwards, 12 rounds.
Mickey Nelson beat Al Felder, 10 rounds.

17—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Eddie Brady beat Joe Ritchie, 12 rounds.
Bobby Lyons knocked out Battling Anton fourth round.

19—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Charlie Pilkington beat Frankie Brown, 12 rounds.
Johnny Williams beat Jimmy Carroll, 12 rounds.

19—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Terry Martin beat Billy Ryckoff, 12 rounds.
Johnny Gray beat Willie Spencer, 12 rounds.

19—Broad A. C., Newark, N. J.:
Charley Weinert knocked out George K-O Brown, one round.

19—Trenton, N. J.:
Charley Goodman beat Tommy Gerard, 12 rounds.

19—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Frankie Schoell and Pete Latzo, draw, 10 rounds.

19—Los Angeles:
Johnny Weber and Louis Garcia, draw, four rounds.
Nud Manning beat Eddie Drew, four rounds.

20—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Delaney beat Italian Joe Gans, 12 rounds.
Jack Taylor knocked out Jim Davis, three rounds.
Jack Taylor knocked out Silent Puryear, four rounds.

20—15th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jack McVey beat Sandy Taylor, 12 rounds.
Eddie Reilly and Joe Thomas, draw, eight rounds.

20—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Tarzan Larkin and Battling Jones, draw, eight rounds.
Emil Morro and Freddy Clark, draw, eight rounds.
Andy Ketchell and Joe Kestner, draw, eight rounds.

20—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Pancho Villa knocked out Kid Wolfe, three rounds.
Carl Tremaine beat Tommy Murray, eight rounds.
Bobby Wolgast and Mike Moran, draw, eight rounds.
Al Gordon beat Battling Harry Leonard, eight rounds.

20—West Hoboken, N. J.:
Joe Burrell knocked out Ruby Martens, four rounds.

20—Hartford, Conn.:
Jimmy Kelly beat Izzy Tanner, 10 rounds.

Jimmy Cooney beat Sammy Waltz, 10 rounds.
Kid Lewis beat Frankie Coster, 10 rounds.

20—Albany, N. Y.:
Yussel Pearlstein beat Leo Gaites, 12 rounds.
Joe Baker and Young Rogers, draw, 12 rounds.

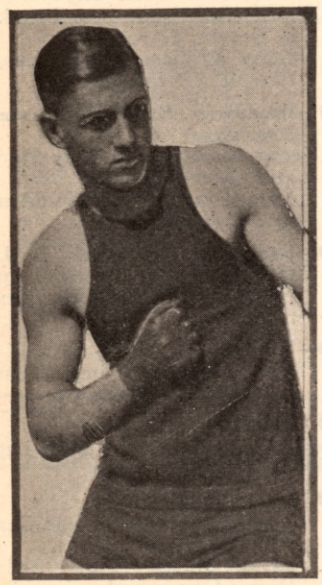
20—Providence, R. I.:
Willie Gradwell beat Mickey Donley, 10 rounds.

20—Boston, Mass.:
Tommy Nee beat Johnny Rose, 10 rounds.

20—Harrisburgh, Pa.:
Ivory Eshelman and Eddie Fitzsimmons draw, eight rounds.

20—Danbury, Conn.:
K. O. Lenny beat Steve Ketchell, 10 rounds.

20—Los Angeles:
Bert Colima beat Tillie Herman, four rounds.
Johnny Lotsey beat Dandy Dick Dillon, four rounds.



Johnny Reno, who is a frequent battler in Philadelphia. He has made a big hit in the sleepy city

20—Seattle, Wash.:
Vic Foley knocked out Eddie Buel, fourth round.

20—San Antonio, Tex.:
Johnny McCoy beat Babe Asher, 10 rounds.

20—San Francisco:
Solly Seaman beat Bobby Allen, four rounds.
Charley Sullivan and Eddie White, four round draw.
Jack Russo beat Dick Illa, four rounds.
Dynamite George and Ed McGovern, four round draw.
Teddy Seidman beat Harry Baker, four rounds.
Billy Springfield and Young Rizzo, draw, four rounds.
Johnny Gleason beat Kid Ciriacco, four rounds.

20—Fort McDowell, Angel Isl.:
Jim Ball beat Johnny Courtright, four rounds.
Joe Lind knocked out Bobby Flint, first round.
Jack Dalton beat Packey McMullen, four rounds.
Slug Hicks beat Jimmy Welch, four rounds.
Kid Herron beat Young Flanagan, four rounds.
Earl Eddy knocked out Joe Polack, first round.
Bill Dunbar knocked out K. C. Smith first round.
Soldier Burke knocked out Corporal McGheehan, second round.

21—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
George Godfrey knocked out Johnny Lierson, one round.
Mike Nestor knocked out Tom McTiernan, six rounds.
Barney Tooley beat Howard Hall, six rounds.
Gypsey Bill Daniels knocked out Freddy Clark, four rounds.
Ed Keeley knocked out Charley Garner, one round.
Eddie Mellnac beat Jack Sabo, four rounds.
Dan O'Connell knocked out Jack Rickert, first round.
Blacksmith Russell beat Jim Davis, six rounds.

21—Chicago, Ill.:
Midget Smith and Joe Burman, draw, 10 rounds.

21—Buenos Aires:
Sailor Maxted and Alex Reilly, no contest, seventh round.

21—Chicago, Ill.:
Joe Burman beat Midget Smith, 10 rounds.
Billy Stearns beat Jimmy Brady, eight rounds.

21—Fond du Lac, Wis.:
Joe Sanger knocked out Joe Hetchel, five rounds.
Al LaFlame knocked out Eddie, Mozart, six rounds.

21—Clinton, Iowa:
Mickey Forkins and Eddie Walsh, 10 round draw.
Bob Moha defeated Mickey Curran, 10 rounds.

21—San Francisco:
Eddie Diggins knocked out Earl Force, third round.
Johnny Lamar beat Young Baker, four rounds.
Fernando Herman knocked out Joe Ortega, third round.
Joe Harn beat Frankie Gomez, four rounds.
Tommy Gonzales beat Jimmy Kelly, four rounds.
Jimmy Dell knocked out Dick Stabley, four rounds.
Frankie Sands beat Joe Delmont, four rounds.

22—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Tommy Robson beat Frankie Fleming, 12 rounds.
Johnny Gannon beat Patsy Flannigan, 10 rounds.

22—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, N. Y. C.:
Charlie Murray beat Marty Powell, 10 rounds.
Bobby Green beat Corporal Schwartz, 10 rounds.

22—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Al Norton beat Bobby Lyons, 12 rounds.
Paul Fargo knocked out Victor Flores, fourth round.

22—Hamilton A. A., Passaic, N.J.
Claude Wilson won on a foul from Frankie Fasano, seven rounds.

22—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Joe Tiplitz beat Earl France, eight rounds.

22—New Bedford, Mass.:
Charley Manty beat Chick Suggs, 10 rounds.

22—Lowell, Mass.:
Al Shubert beat Newport Johnny Brown, 10 rounds.

22—Ft. Collins, Colo.:
Don Long beat Young Billy Papke, 10 rounds.

22—San Francisco, Calif.:
Jimmy Roach beat Deke Francis, four rounds.
Pedro Villa and Frankie Sands, draw, four rounds.
Joe Harns knocked out Kid Henry, first round.
Soldier Burke beat George Gibson, four rounds.
Harry Pickett beat Art Williams, four rounds.
Speedball Anderson beat Sam Costa, four rounds.
Jack White beat Battling Blondini, four rounds.

22—San Francisco, Calif.:
Young Carmen and Mel Coogan, four-round draw.
Teddy Seidman and Jimmy Callaghan, four-round draw
Joe Cardinet and Jimmy Fitten, four-round draw.
Jackie Kirke beat Bobby Gray, four rounds.
Joe Belmont and Battling Zig, four-round draw.
Joe French beat Charley Campbell, four rounds.

22—Modesto, Calif.:
Battling Ortega lost on a foul to Dynamite George, four rounds.
Al Tasloff and Battling Larson, four-round draw.
Young Springfield beat Al Pruose, four rounds.
Eddie Hanley knocked out Bobby Pierce one round.
Charley Martino knocked out Battling Rand, first round.
Mickey McMullen knocked out Ray Smiley, 3rd round.

22—Portland, Ore.:
Frank Farmer knocked out Bob Getz, seventh round.

22—El Paso, Tex.:
Joe Burger beat Battling Barrere, 15 rounds.

22—Milwaukee:
Ernie Goozeman knocked out Frankie Frisco, sixth round.

23—San Francisco, Calif.:
Billy Gibbs and Tom Kelly, four round draw.
Pete Daley and Sailor Goldman, four round draw.
Frankie Thomas and Mike O'Leary, four round draw.
Ray Neuman beat Sailor Roberts, four rounds.
Billy Gordeau beat Sailor Smith, four rounds.
Tim Callaghan beat Billy Ray, four rounds.
Jack Silver beat Vic Morrison, four rounds.

23—Canon City, Colo.:
Kid Belt knocked out Harry Bramer, two rounds.
Joe the Wop beat Al Dale, eight rounds.

23—Casper, Wyo.:
Bud Hamilton and Frankie West, draw 10 rounds.

23—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Gene Tunney beat Harry Greb, 15 rounds.
Clonie Tait beat Ray Mitchell, 12 rounds.
Johnny Leonard and George Brown, six round draw.
Milton Weiss and Al Studdy, four round draw.

23—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Joe Souza knocked out Silent Ray, two rounds.
Frankie Carpenter knocked out Al Purdy, third round.
Al Ketchell beat Jack Abnel, six rounds.

23—Scranton, Pa.:
Mickey Walker beat Johnny Griffiths, 10 rounds.

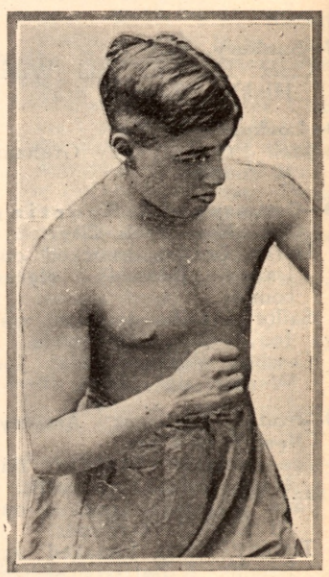
23—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Young Bob Fitzsimmons beat Mike Conroy, 10 rounds.
Charley Traino beat K. O. Johnny Michaels, 10 rounds.

23—Utica, N. Y.:
Kid Blair knocked out Young Rogers, three rounds.

23—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Wildman Gould and Phil Bloom, draw, 12 rounds.

23—New Orleans:
Jack Lawlor beat Young Matranga, 15 rounds.

23—Pueblo, Colo.:
Bud Hamilton beat Joe, the Wop, 10 rounds.



Joe Tiplitz, the tough and aggressive stablemate of Lew Tendler. A hard nut to crack

24—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Spencer Gardner beat Harry Gordon, 12 rounds.
Cowboy Williams knocked out Pete Williams, third round.

24—9th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Ruby Stein and Lee Wedo, draw, 12 rounds.
Jimmy Gaudy and Jimmy Smith, draw, 10 rounds.

24—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Mickey Nelson beat Al Felder, 10 rounds.
Paul Fargo knocked out Ernie Seitz, fifth round.

24—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Eddie Martin knocked out Jackie Marlowe, two rounds.
Al McCloskey and Joe Partine, draw, six rounds.

26—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Sammy Seiger beat Nick Foley, 12 rounds.
Hilly Levine and Joe Geller, draw, six rounds.
Lew Perfetti beat Ben Bailey, six rounds.

26—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Willie Darcey beat Charley Rosenberg, 12 rounds.
Willie Singer beat Herman Rose, six rounds.

26—Rochester, N. Y.:
Benny Valger beat Lefty Thomas, 12 rounds.

26—Troy, N. Y.:
Tommy Robson knocked out Chief Halftown, first round.

26—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jeff Smith beat Jamaica Kid, 12 rounds.
Frankie Mack beat Terry McHugh, 10 rounds.

26—Lancaster, Pa.:
Nate Isaacman beat Tom Droney, eight rounds.

26—Detroit, Mich.:
Sid Barberian won from Ever Hammer, six rounds.

26—Trenton, N. J.:
Wildman Gould beat Young Muffo, 10 rounds.

26—Harrisburgh, Pa.:
Battling Murray beat Indian Russell, eight rounds.

26—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Joe Libby beat Vincent Lopez, eight rounds.

26—East Chicago, Ind.:
Jock Malone knocked out Johnny Klesch, six rounds.

26—Mariesville, R. I.:
Tommy Ryan and Larry Goldberg, draw, 12 rounds.

26—London, England:
Gugler Lake beat Tommy Harrison, 12 rounds.

27—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Sammy Nable beat Billy Ryckoff, 12 rounds.
Frankie Florio beat Sammy Stone, 12 rounds.
Wee-Wee Burns beat Henry Catena, 10 rounds.
Willie Davis beat Louis Guglielmini, six rounds.

27—15th Regiment Armory, N. Y. C.:
Charley Hayes beat Little Jack Johnson, eight rounds.
Terry Martin and LeRoy Powell, eight rounds.

27—47th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Frankie Coster knocked out Danny Lyons, two rounds.
Murray Bressner beat Bobby Green, eight rounds.
George Werner and Soldier McGee, eight rounds.

27—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Joe Lynch beat Pete Husnic, eight rounds.

27—Boston, Mass.:
Dave Shade beat George Ward, 10 rounds.
Lew Paluso knocked out Dick Russell, six rounds.

27—Albany, N. Y.:
George Godfrey beat Clem Johnson, 12 rounds.
Sandy Taylor beat Lew Gates, 10 rounds.

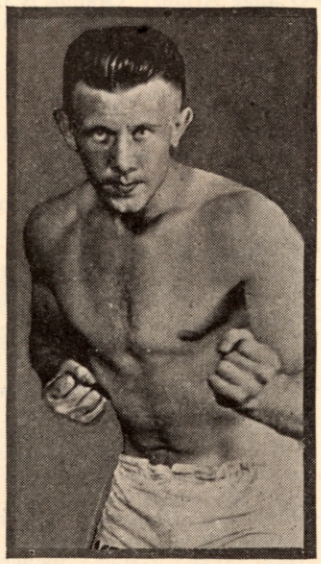
27—Baltimore, Md.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Jack Sheldon, fourth round.

27—Boston, Mass.:
Al Studdy knocked out Jim Savoila, five rounds.

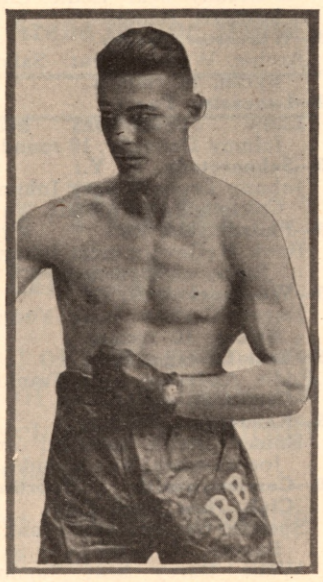
27—Paris, France:
Charlie Ledoux knocked out Belgian Montreuil, 11 rounds

27—Walla Walla, Wash.:
George Burns and Allie Nelson, draw, six rounds.

28—San Francisco, Calif.:
Solly Seeman beat Young Dudley, four rounds.
Frankie McCann and Bud Ridley, four round draw.
Bud Soules beat Charley Hendricks, four rounds.
Frankie Denny beat Benny Ritner, four rounds.
Johnny Farr and Terry Vargas, four round draw.
Bobby Burns and Terry McBride, four round draw.



Sergt. Ray Smith from Camden, N. J., who holds a referee's decision over Bob Martin



Battling Budd, fast rising youngster from Atlanta, Ga., who made good by winning over Joe Welling and Mel Coogan

Young Baker and Bobby Gray, four round draw.

28—San Francisco, Calif.:
Eddie Diggins beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Jimmy Dell and Young Springfield, four round draw.
Joe Harn beat Johnny Gleeson, four rounds.
Kid Manila beat Joe Delmont, four rounds.
Fernando Herman and Benny Walker, four round draw.
Frankie Sands and Elmer Hammer, four round draw.

28—Butte, Mont.:
Frankie Darren and Billy Stearns, draw, 12 rounds.

28—Juarez, Mexico:
Jimmy Russo knocked out Kid Pancho, twelfth round.
Jimmy Driguez, six round draw.

MARCH

1—Portland, Ore.:
Joe Gorman over Larry Jones, 10 rounds.

1—San Francisco:
Charley Sullivan beat Petey Daley, four rounds.
Will Oliver and Charley Hendricks, no contest, three rounds.
Ray Neuman and Racehorse Roberts, draw, four rounds.
Frank Thomas and Jack Griffin, four round draw.
Eddie Richards and Sunny Jim, four round draw.
Sailor Smith beat Dick Wallace, four rounds.
George Gibbons beat Soldier Burke, four rounds.
Tim Callaghan beat Jack Russo, four rounds.
Teddy Seidman beat Chick Rocco, four rounds.
Soldier Herron knocked out Soldier Flanagan, 3rd round.

1—Los Angeles:
Sailor Ashmore and Bud Soules, four round draw.

1—San Francisco:
Forrest Theis beat Ray Higgins, four rounds.
Jack McPartland beat Paul Dillon, four rounds.
H. Demonneconi beat George Garrett, four rounds.
Claude Deal knocked out Hodard Blackstone, 2nd round.
Fred Girimele beat Vic Cresci, four rounds.
Henry Hillebrand beat Mel Smith, four rounds.
Ray Fee knocked out Ray Brunneman, one round.
P. H. Gilbert beat Frank Mattison, four rounds.
Ralph Sylvester beat M. E. Higgins, four rounds.
Harry Fox beat Jack Brady, four rounds.

1—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Frankie Genero beat Pancho Villa, 15 rounds.
Eddie (Kid) Wagern beat Red Cap Wilson, 12 rounds.
Bobby Garcia beat Benny Bass, six rounds.
Lew Perfetti beat Sammy Marino, four rounds.

1—102nd Medical Regiment, New York City:
Charlie Murray knocked out Soldier McGee, four rounds.
Buddy Wallace knocked out Joe Savoila, two rounds.
Tommy Chip and Jimmy Gaudy, draw, eight rounds.

1—McKeesport, Pa.:
Tommy Ryan and Abe Goldstein, draw, 10 rounds.

1—Lowell, Mass.:
Johnny Clinton beat Johnny Darcy, 10 rounds.

1—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Danny Kramer beat Pedro Campo, eight rounds.

1—Scranton, Pa.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Pep O'Brien, 10 rounds.

1—Mt. Carmel, Pa.:
Young Zeno beat Jimmy Jordan, six rounds.
Battling Reddy and Young Sabo, draw, six rounds.
Clem Patrick knocked out Young Chip, three rounds.
Kid Kopet beat Young Chink, four rounds.
Young Hayes knocked out Young Spragge, second round.

1—Johnston, Pa.:
Bertie Conway beat Freddie Lux, 10 rounds.

1—Lewiston, Me.:
Lee Anderson and Bing Conley, draw, 10 rounds.

2—Melba Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Bernstein beat Eddie Brady, 12 rounds.
Willie Darcy and Manny Wexler, draw, 10 rounds.
Charlie Picker knocked out Georgie Bush, three rounds.

2—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Corporal Schwartz beat Jimmy Laggett, 12 rounds.
Otto Johnson knocked out Jim Smith, first round.

2—Erie, Pa.:
Tim Droney beat Vincent Porkorni, 12 rounds.

2—Fall River, Mass.:
Young Gradwell beat Earl France, 10 rounds.

2—Holyoke, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Romeo Roche, 10 rounds.

2—Youngstown, O.:
Jeff Smith beat Jimmy Darcy, 12 rounds.

2—Stamford, Conn.:
Eddie Mack beat Young Lubby 12 rounds.
Panama Barney knocked out Jimmy Snyder, three rounds.

2—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Young Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Soldier King, three rounds.

2—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Charley Boots Doyle beat George Russell, eight rounds.

3—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Delaney beat Augie Ratner, 12 rounds.
Benny Lynn beat Jackie Cope, six rounds.
George Doherty beat Frankie Foy, six rounds.
Eddie Oliver beat Willie Clarkson, six rounds.

3—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy Fay and Jackie Marlowe, 12 round draw.
Bobby Wagner beat Joe Wright, 10 rounds.

3—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Joe Tiplitz knocked out Happy Mahoney, three rounds.
Irving Jampole beat Patsy Philbin, 10 rounds.

3—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Charley Kohler beat Johnny Gray, 12 rounds.
Manny Jacobson beat Jimmy Reese, 10 rounds.

5—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Charley Weinert beat Chuck Wiggins, 12 rounds.
Yussel Pearlstein knocked out Carmine Caggiano, seven rounds.

5—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Terry Martin beat Jack Hausner, 12 rounds.

5—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Mickey Walker beat Johnny Gill, eight rounds.
Jimmy Mendo beat Joe Lynch, eight rounds.
George Russell beat Pep O'Brien, eight rounds.
Harvey Bright beat Frankie Sinclair, eight rounds.
Eddie Dempsey beat Leo Casper, eight rounds.

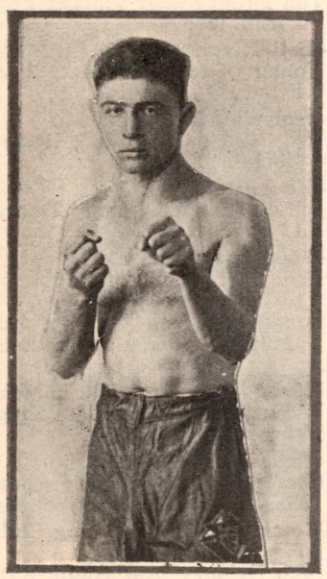
5—East Chicago Ill.:
Tom Gibbons knocked out Jim Tracey, two rounds.
Farmer Lodge beat Andre Anderson, eight rounds.

5—Manila, Philippines:
Silvino Jamito beat Macario Villon, 15 rounds.

5—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Nate Isaacman and Harry (Kid) Brown, draw, eight rounds.

5—New Bedford, Mass.:
Joe Curry beat Charley Manty, 10 rounds.

5—Mancheser, N. H.:
Willie Harmon and Porky Diggins, 10 round draw.



Buddy Wallace of Brooklyn, a 130-pounder, with considerable ambition Wallace is eager to mix matters with Johnny Dundee

5—Columbus, O.:
Bud Christiano and K. O. Mars, draw, 10 rounds.

5—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Wilbur Cohen beat Tony Trinkle, eight rounds.

5—Detroit, Mich.:
George K. O. Chaney and Bobby Ward, draw, 10 rounds.
Nate Carp beat Joe Lucas, 10 rounds.

6—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Benny Gould knocked out Charley Beecher, five rounds.
Tommy Robson beat Vic McLaughlin, 10 rounds.
Gypsey Prince Daniels beat Wolf Larsen, 10 rounds.

6—15th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sailor Darden knocked out Barry Norton, one round.
Jackie Moore beat Petey White, eight rounds.

6—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Joe Glick beat Ruby Steib, 12 rounds.
Sammy Butts and Willie Clarkson, eight round draw.

6—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Frankie Genero knocked out Frankie Williams, three rounds.

6—Portland, Ore:
Terry Martin beat Teddy Joyce, 10 rounds.

6—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Johnny Lotzy and Larry Murphy, draw, four rounds.
Georgie Marks beat Billy Kennedy, four rounds.
Lee Moore beat Joe Layman, four rounds.

6—Seattle, Wash.:
Vic Foley beat Dandy Dillon, six rounds.

6—Pendleton, Ore.:
Allie Nelson beat Frankie Webb, ten rounds.

7—San Francisco:
Solly Seeman beat Teddy O'Hara, four rounds.
Ray Pelkey knocked out Jack Blackburn, third round.
Tom King beat Midnight Edmunds, four rounds.
Joe Azevedo and Joe Miller, four-round draw.
Frankie Monroe and Joe Leopold, four-round draw.
Russ Pierce beat Joe Herrera, four rounds.
Cap Nelson beat Jimmy Fiteen, four rounds.

7—San Francisco:
Eddie Diggins and Charley Sullivan, four-round draw.
Billy Ray and Young Springfield, draw, four rounds.
Earl Force knocked out Jimmy Risso, third round.
Joe Harn knocked out Ray Smiley, third round.
Tommy Gonzales knocked out Bud Garber, first round.
Kid Manila and Young Mike Gibbons, draw, four rounds.

8—Melba Sporting Club, New York City:
Johnny Leonard beat Sid Marks, 10 rounds.
Bobby Lyons beat Frank Danunzio, 10 rounds.
Corporal Schwartz beat Mickey Nelson, 10 rounds.

8—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Kid Sullivan beat Dutch Brandt, 12 rounds.
Italian Joe Dempsey beat Sailor Joe Kelly, 10 rounds.
Paul Porter beat Frankie Alban, six rounds.

8—102nd Medical Regiment, New York City:
Jack Stone beat Jack McIntosh, eight rounds.
Mickey Black beat Willie Clarkson, eight rounds.
Andy Johnson knocked out Roger Wagner, four rounds.
Joe Kestner knocked out Frank Cronin, four rounds.

8—Hamilton A. A., Passaic, N.J.:
Lew Hurley beat Claude Wilson, 12 rounds.

8—Meriden, Conn.:
Kid Kaplan beat Babe Herman, 12 rounds.

8—Lowell, Mass.:
Billy Carney beat Wallie Lee, 10 rounds.

8—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Joe Tiplitz beat Whitey Fitzgerald, eight rounds.

8—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Frankie Curry and Billy Fitzsimmons, 10 round draw.
Joey Baker won on a foul from Frankie Fitzpatrick, three rounds.
Kid Sabo beat Harvey Wilson, six rounds.
Pet Coleman knocked out Tommy Barton, one round.

8—McKeesport, Pa.:
Young Montreal beat Jim Drexler, 10 rounds.

8—Orange Armory, Orange, N.J.:
Al Delmont beat Philly Lewis, 12 rounds.

8—Scranton, Pa.:
Tommy Loughren and Jeff Smith, 10 round draw.
Johnny Herman beat Johnny McLaughlin, 10 rounds.

8—Charleroi, Pa.:
Jean Laurie beat Sammy Cimenelli, 10 rounds.

8—Washington, Pa.:
Jack Rovesti beat Young Nixon, 10 rounds.

8—Youngstown, O.:
Tony Zill and K. O. Mars, 10 round draw.

9—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Renault knocked out George Godfrey, 11 rounds.
Benny McCoy beat Joe Souza, ten rounds.

9—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Wee Wee Willie Spencer beat Jimmy Tomasula, 12 rounds.
Frankie Carpenter beat Tommy Madden, 10 rounds.
Al Studdy beat Eddie Clifford, six rounds.

9—Worcester, Mass.:
Archie Walker beat Sailor Byron, 10 rounds.

9—Lancaster, Pa.:
Eddie Fitzsimmons beat Johnny Donnelly, 10 rounds.

9—Schenectady, N. Y.:
Johnny Leonard beat Johnny Colclough, 10 rounds.

9—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Hank McGovern meat Johnny Joyce, eight rounds.

9—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Harry Carlson beat Young Blades, 10 rounds.

9—East Chicago, Ill.:
Eddie Anderson beat Frankie Garcia, 10 rounds.

9—Kalamazoo, Mich.:
Homer Smith knocked out Joe Downey, one round.

10—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Spencer Gardner beat Frankie Fasano, 12 rounds.
Willie Darcy beat Sammy Cohen, 10 rounds.

10—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charlie Murray knocked out Charley Picker, four rounds.
Sonny Cashin beat Terry Martin, eight rounds.

10—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Buck Josephs beat Larry Goldberg, 12 rounds.
Frankie Florio knocked out Henry Mick, seven rounds.

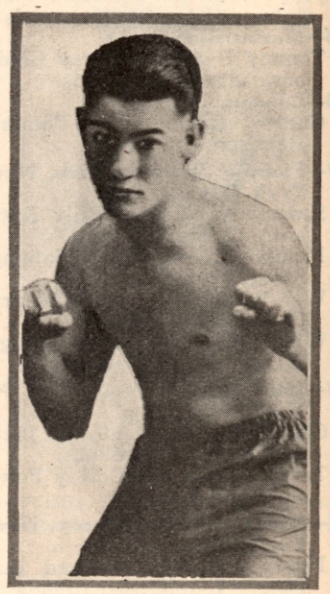
10—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Herb Brodie beat Harry Galfund, six rounds.
Johnny Vestri beat Willie Mack, six rounds.
Jackie Gordon beat August Pisano, six rounds.
Al McCloskey beat Joey Werner, six rounds.

12—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Luis Firpo knocked out Bill Brennan, 12 rounds.
Young Bob Fitzsimmons beat Charley McKenna, 12 rounds.
K. O. Phil Kaplan beat Jimmy Amato, six rounds.
Jack Skinner beat Jack Tilyou, four rounds.

12—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Jay Lanahan knocked out Frankie Fleming, third round.
Frank Gargano beat Willie Powell, four rounds.
Herman Rose beat Phil Black, six rounds.
Willie Curry knocked out Danny Paul, one round.

12—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Frankie Jones beat Battling Budd, 10 rounds.
Freddie Bordie knocked out Louis Lavell, third round.

12—Chicago, Ill.:
Joe Burman and Frankie Schaefer, draw, 10 rounds.



Vic Cragg, one of the crop of hard-hitting Cleveland welters who has sent a challenge to Mickey Walker.

12—New Orleans, La.:
Al Pettingill knocked out Monk Kelly, six rounds.
Marty Burke beat Farmer Lodge, 15 rounds.

12—Harrisburgh, Pa.:
Battling Leonard knocked out Pete Husic, six rounds.
Young Willard knocked out Oete Alteirve, five rounds.

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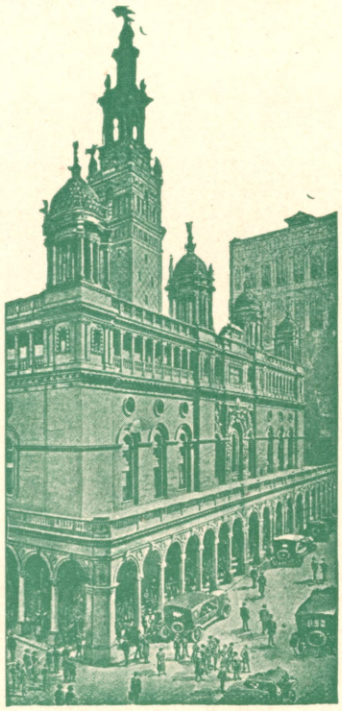

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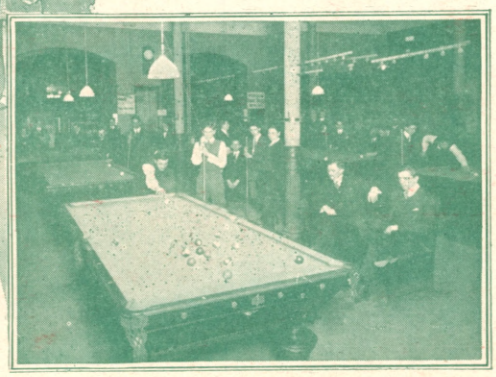

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